Northern Messenger

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Who Will Be the First ?

What name will head the Honor Roll? Who will be the first to get the blank pledge form filled out with twenty signatures? The sender of the first Pledge Roll of twenty signatures will head the Honor Roll next week. Be careful not to lose last week's issue.

Pledge Crusade.

The temperance pledge blanks issued with the 'Messenger' of Oct. 31st, if all filled up, would aggregate 1,200,000 pledges. Are you doing your part in this great crusade? Who will head the honor roll next week? The name of the sender of the list first received each week will appear in heavy type at the top of the honor roll. We hope many of the young people will get their first love for temperance work in connection with this November Pledge Signing Crusade.

Pledge Blanks Free.

'Northern Messenger' Pledge Blanks will be sent in quantities sufficient for distribution throughout the senior class of Sunday Schools free of charge, unless the schools wish to pay for them at the rate of 1c each. When applying state number required. Address John Dougall & Son, publishers, Montreal.

The Land of the Shah.

(George Donaldson, Ph.D., in 'Godey's Magazine.')

We entered Persia from the north, having to come from Tiflis, five days by post to Djulfa on the Persian frontier. Here we were immediately made to realize that Persia is not a land of railways, nor even roads at all, but a wild, uncultivated, unsubdued land where robbers abound, and the only means of conveyance are donkeys, horses, and camels, which must pick their way along rocky riverbeds, and across dry and stony plains, with no more of a road than the path the hoofs of their predecessors have made.

After several hours of bartering, we succeeded in engaging a man and two horses to take us to Tabriz. Side-saddles are not known in this land, and so we had to do the best we could to fix a seat for my wife on the rude native pallon on one horse, and when our luggage had been made fast to the other, I mounted and found that I had a very comfortable seat, so much so, that I soon made a change with my wife, whose arrangements did not prove so satisfactory.

The man walked, and we set out across a partially cultivated plain, and soon reached the mountains. These we entered, following the course of a small stream which was used for irrigation in the plain below. The path was such as may be seen in any steep cow pasture, and often led along the very edge of the bank, which looked as though it might, at any time, form a small landslide, and it seemed only reasonable that it should do so while we were upon it. Just before nightfall we came to a village, i.e., a cluster of mud houses. Each house consisted of one room

A PERSIAN DOLOL, OR MERCHANT WHO CARRIES HIS GOODS TO HOMES.

inclosed by four mud walls, a bare mud floor, and a mud roof spread upon brush supported by poles—a veritable mud box, with a low door for entrance, and a little

ARMENIAN WOMAN.

round hole in the roof for light. We found a house that was comparatively new and clean, but the thought of sleeping in such a cavern as that seemed was too much for us, so we climbed upon the roof and spread our bed beside the straw-stack which is often on the housetop in this country, and slept under the open sky. In the villages the people usually sleep on the ground outside of the door, in the summer season, but in the cities they often sleep on the roofs.

Four days of travel through mountains and plains, all dry, parched and treeless, brought us to Tabriz. There is no rain in Persia during the summer months, and the land is barren except where there are streams of water for irrigation. The mountain streams are conducted in underground channels formed by digging pits, about thirty feet apart, and tunnelling from one to the other. This prevents the evaporation of the water by the sun, and at the same time usually finds a clay bottom, so that there is not so much lost by absorption and leakage. Little channels branch off, from time to time, and bring some of the water to the surface, where it is carried about in little ditches, to water the crops. In the fall of the year, after the grain is harvested, the country presents a most desolate appearance, for there is not a green thing to be seen.

Tabriz is the most flourishing city in Persia. Its population has increased very rapidly of late, and it now claims about two hundred thousand inhabitants, and covers an immense area, extending for many miles in every direction over the plain. It is a thoroughly Eastern city, and everything reminds one of Bible times and Bible lands. Just outside of the city walls we were met by a band of lepers who approached with outstretched hands to receive gifts, and everywhere along the road were blind beggars, paralytics and cripples, 'sitting by the wayside to receive alms.' As we enter the city, ragged and half-naked children, with all sorts of eye diseases, are everywhere seen along the path.

Here also may be seen women covered with a cloth thrown over the head and coming down to the knees, or lower, a fold of which they always draw up over the face when a man appears. Their legs and feet are bare, and large earthen water-jars are on their backs. There are others of a better class, who have their heads completely covered with a piece of cloth which has a small aperture of fine needle-work over the eyes, so that they can see out, just enough to enable them to get along in the street. They wear a dark-blue outer garment, which is thrown over the head and reaches nearly to the ground, bright green baggy trousers, which are gathered at the ankle and fit snugly to the foot like a sock, and bright red or yellow slippers just large enough to slip the toes into; the heel of the slipper comes under the instep of the foot, so that they are compelled to shuffle along walking on their toes only.

The men wear coats with heavy gathered skirts, loose, short trousers, low leather shoes, a leather strap around the waist, and a close-fitting skull-cap; or, as is usually the case with the better class of citizens, a loose flowing robe, much like the

ecclesiastical gown sometimes worn by the clergy, and a high black astrakhan turban. The descendants of the Prophet, or sayids, wear a dark green or blue cloth twisted into a turban, and the mollahs, or ecclesiastics, wear a similar one of white cloth, made very large. In the case of the sayids and mollahs, the belt is made of the same cloth as the turban, but others usually have some bright, pretty color. They all wear low leather shoes and usually bright-colored socks. All these costumes are to be seen in the streets of the city.

Nor does the word city convey to the mind much of an idea of such a place as Tabriz, for we cannot separate the idea of streets and some order in the arrangement of houses from that term. Here it has nothing of that significance, but is rather a large number of houses, each with a little garden, enclosed by a mud wall, crowded up close together. The spaces between the walls where they do not come so near together as to have one wall do for two gardens, are the streets, or rather public passages. They may be only six feet wide or they may be large and irregular areas, just as it happens. They are in no proper sense streets at all, but only strips of waste land along which people may walk, if they are willing to climb over the heaps of dirt and rubbish that are thrown into them from excavations and buildings, or pick their way along the sides of the streams of water or open wells which are in them. Occasionally, where a good stream of water crosses or runs along this street, the women find places to fill their water-jars and wash their clothes, and it is a common sight to see them pounding a wet garment upon a flat stone to cleanse it.

Some of these alleys which are much used for thoroughfares are paved with cobblestones, but the pavement is often covered several feet deep with earth which has been thrown out from some excavation and remains until some one wishes to use it to make brick for building or mortar for covering or repairing the roof of a house. The entrance from these streets to the houses or yards is through a low door in the wall. Men of wealth sometimes have a large red brick gateway, but these are much more frequently seen at the houses of Armenians, or other foreigners, than of Persians.

In just passing through a town or city, one sees scarcely more of it than one sees of the homes of the prairie dog, when one walks over the mounds of earth at the mouths of their holes. There are, however, in the large towns and cities, places where most of the business and trade is carried on. These are called bazaars, and are semi-subterraneous passages, reminding one of the covered roads or galleries of the ants, with stalls on either side, where men sit behind their wares waiting for customers, or work at their trades. Money changers, hatters, silversmiths, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, saddlers, shoemakers, bakers, confectioners, scribes, stone-cutters, bookbinders, gunsmiths, and dealers in all sorts of wares can here be seen, busily engaged at their crafts. Here, men meet to gossip and talk over the news of the day. Politics and the weather are never discussed here, probably because there is not enough of either to discuss; weeks and months pass by without the slightest disturbance in the weather, and the administration of the government is far beyond their control.

Post Office Crusade.

HOW THE WORK PROGRESSES.

In Cocanada, of India, there is a reading-room under the control of Mr. Herbert Leflamme, missionary and editor. Of this room he writes:—

'In the centre of the room are tables on which is spread the free feast contained in forty-one papers, sent by generous friends in America, England, and India. Prominent amongst these is 'The Northern Messenger,' of Montreal, Canada. These papers are veritable leaves of healing and bring many messages of comfort.'

One of the most influential native gentlemen in the political life of Madras presidency, a lawyer with great talents, says that he had learned more about his own religion from the Christian publications on sale at the book-room of the reading-room than from any other source. He also said to Mr. Leflamme:—

'Oh, that Andrew Carnegie might turn some of his vast accumulation towards the great need of India for mental culture and stimulus.'

Feeling the great want, in India, of more British Christian sentiment than the Republican ideas of the United States, and stirred by the wrong views of certain religious papers across the lines regarding South Africa, as superintendent of the 'Northern Messenger' Crusade of Canada for India, I wrote to the editor of the 'Times.' He very kindly prepared an article on the subject, which was copied into the Madras 'Mail,' the largest paper in South India. My object was to increase the circulation of Christian literature direct from England to India. The result is a fresh appeal from India to Canada. As the 'World Wide,' because of its culture and strength, is a paper particularly requested for the gentlemen of higher education in India, I now appeal to the readers of the 'World Wide' for their sympathy and support. The work of the Post-office Crusade, inaugurated as an undenominational Christian mission by the 'Northern Messenger,' of Montreal, is for all Christian people who desire to influence India with the best thoughts of a pure press. Through the 'Messenger' the aim is to increase the circulation of Christian undenominational papers and magazines.

Through the postal crusade of the 'Northern Messenger,' a native gentleman receives the 'Christian Herald.' Its action in soliciting money for China's starving people during the late famine so impressed this man with the beauty of true godliness that he gave very largely himself to a leper hospital in his vicinity.

Letters in response to the article in the 'Times' are coming from India. Native gentlemen would like to enquire about it, and one has sent me names for papers. A journalist also writes as follows:—

'Madam,—I have seen your letter in the 'Times' regarding the Post-office Crusade. I have started, in this place, an association for the moral and intellectual improvement of European young men of the town. The Eurasian community is a very poor one, and, in order to provide wholesome, standard and periodical literature for the members of the Institute, I have to spend money out of my own pocket, which happens to be a narrow one. If you could kindly send us magazines and periodicals from time to time, you would help in a good cause. I now receive the 'English Illustrated Magazine,' 'The Royal,' and 'Pearson's,' the 'Madras Christian College Magazine,' and some local newspapers. My Institute also aims particularly at promoting the cause of total abstinence. Awaiting your kind favor, I am, madam, your obedient servant, ——.'

I do not give this correspondent's address, for this reason: Mormons and infidels, well supplied with money, would gladly use the post-office crusade as a medium for the circulation of their literature. The wisest plan for all who claim to take part in this work is to send funds to the editor of the papers or magazines mentioned in this article and ask the editors to apply to me for an address in India.

All over India now the 'Northern Messenger' has its fields of action. It has introduced papers into several reading-rooms, hospitals, soldiers' barracks, into private houses, the Zenanas, etc. Now it is asked to help with the work of a missionary to the Jews in India, and many of the papers solicited by the 'Messenger' have been scattered among the Boers, who were prisoners in Wellington, India. Another work looming up is this, an 'Exchange Drawer.' Some wish to effect exchanges of papers. The first one comes from Australia with a desire that the 'Northern Messenger' be sent to them. A lady in India, of her own accord, has drawn the attention of a prominent editor in Australia to the Canadian crusade. This friend writes: 'On the Malabar coast, among the soldiers, I met with such interesting papers from Canada sent through the 'Messenger' to Wellington and passed on here that I feel more and more the circulation of good, pure paper is, indeed, real work for the King. I saw —— last Saturday, and she spoke so gratefully of the rolls of papers coming from Canada for the British soldiers. Our soldiers out here have much leisure time on their hands, especially when in hospital or off active service through ill-health, and thus you will understand how grateful we are to be able to hand them something bright, wholesome and helpful to read.'

A specialty has been made of sending 'Northern Messengers,' 'Onwards,' and 'Pleasant Hours' to the soldiers. 'Onwards' have gone in great numbers with the 'Messengers.'

Will all readers of the 'World Wide,' who specially like and enjoy its reading, help to send it through the Crusade to India? This request is not an advertising scheme, nor was it ever solicited by the editors. There is a class of readers in India whose names and addresses have been sent to me. For these the 'World Wide' is particularly asked for by a well-known literary man who was born in Canada.

The Post-office Crusade has no funds, no influential backing. It is simply a work of Faith under, we believe, the leadership of one to whom the souls of India are precious.

Subscriptions can be sent in small or in any amounts to the 'Witness' Office, or to the address given. All will be acknowledged in the 'Northern Messenger.'

Faithfully, for the King, and the King of Kings, Margaret Edwards Cole, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, Que., Canada.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED.

Received from the Post Office Crusade, with many thanks, $1.00 from 'a friend'; two of Sheldon's books from T. H., in the United States, with a kind letter, and also $1.00 and a cheerful letter from 'a friend' in Campbellton, N.B.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Memories of Thule.

(Chrissie M. Wilson, Oldmeldrum, N.B., in the 'Presbyterian.')

North, ever North, we sailed by night,
And yet the sky was red with light,
And purple rolled the deep.
When morning came we saw the tide
Break thundering on the rugged side
Of Sumburgh's awful steep,
And weary of the wave, at last
In Bressay Sound our anchor cast.

—Aytoun.

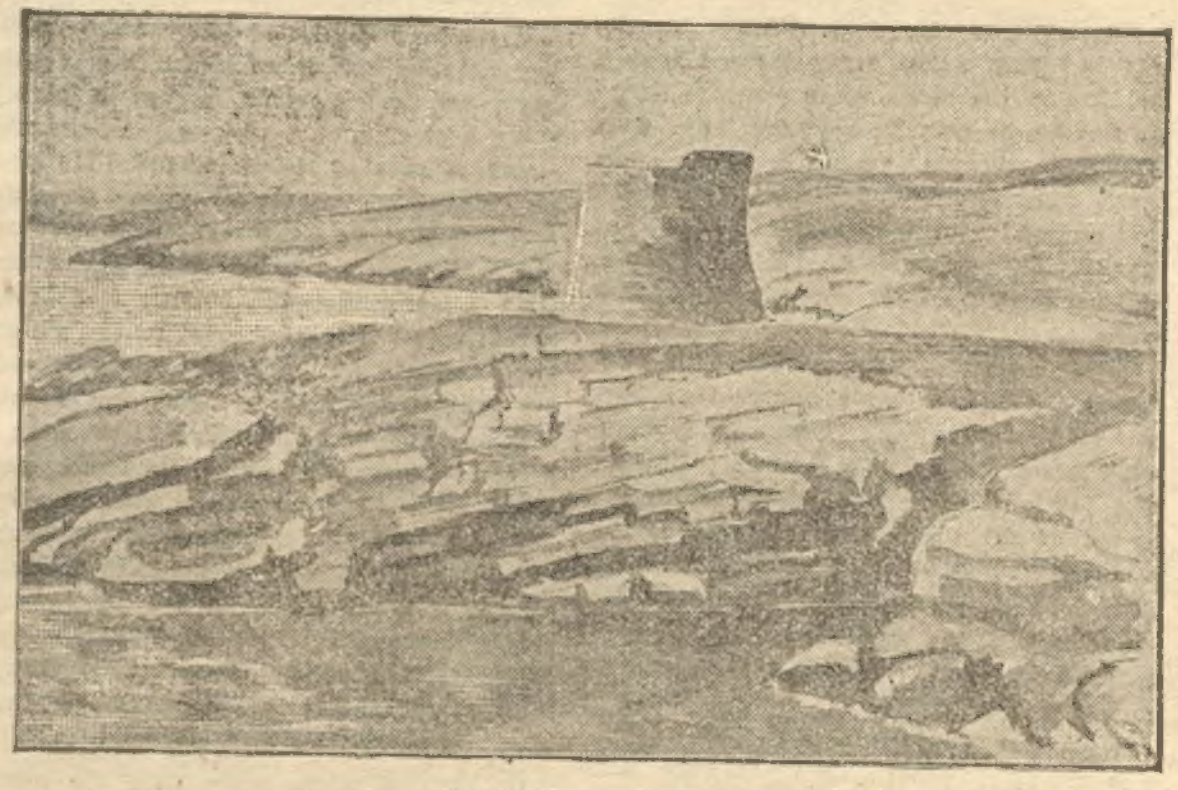
It is generally believed that the Shetland group of islands was the 'Ultima Thule' of the Romans. After Agricola defeated Galgacus at the battle of Mons Grampius in 84 A.D., his fleet cruised northward, subdued the Orkney Islands, and, according to Tacitus, descried Thule. 'Dispecta est Thule.' These words of the early historian have been adopted by the town of Lerwick, the capital of the islands, as the motto of its corporate arms.

Amongst the earliest known inhabitants of Shetland were the Picts, traces of whom are still found there, notably in the curious round castles, or towers attributed to them, and evidences of their Christianity in various inscribed stones, and in place-names. In 410 Roman sway over Britain was withdrawn, and the Orkney and Shetland Isles were seized by the Scandinavians, and became the home of the roving Viking. No more fitting home could be imagined for these daring, dashing buccaneers, than those remote and lonely isles, their shores bristling with rugged promontories, and lashed by a seething, surging sea. Here, from their fastnesses, they could swoop out and scour the seas in

THE GIANT'S LEG, BRESSAY.

search of prey, and woe be to the storm-tossed mariner who heeded their luring lights! Goaded by the marauding excesses of these freebooters, King Harold Harfager of Norway attacked them in their eyry, drove them out, subdued the islands, and created Rognvald first Jarl of the same.

The old Norse Sagas record the interesting history of the islands while under the sway of the Norwegian jarls, who continued in power until 1468, when, as the dowry of Princess Margaret, daughter of King Charles I. of Norway, the islands came into the possession of the Scottish crown. Old manners and customs die hard. Scotland's new possessions lay at a considerable distance from the mainland, its inhabitants were Norse, the laws, manners, and speech of their mother country lingered long amongst them, and many



PICTISH CASTLE.

remnants of these still obtain, and add their quota to that indefinable charm which encircles these rugged isles.

The Shetland group of islands lies north of the Orkneys, and in nearly the same latitude as Bergen in Norway; their shores are washed on the east by the North Sea, and on the west by the rude Atlantic; while rushing, conflicting tideways surge between the islands. The coast-line is incredibly extensive when compared with the area of the islands, so deeply are the shores serrated by arms of the sea, which resemble the Norwegian fiords, but are called 'Voes' by the Shetlanders. Many of these voes are very beautiful, and also safe havens for vessels; as they come in on all sides, it is said that you can never get further than four miles from the coast. Compared with the Orkneys, the Shetlanders may have fewer points of antiquarian interest, but their surface is not so flat, and their coast scenery is generally considered to carry the palm for magnificently rugged and solemn grandeur. The climate is generally temperate, the sea breezes keeping it cool in summer, and, owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, snow does not lie in winter, nor do they experience the same rigors of that season as are felt in Scotland. During the summer months the sun seems merely to dip from view, and rise again, so it is never dark, and golf may be indulged in, photographs taken, and the smallest type read with ease at midnight. The Shetlanders consist of a group of over one hundred islands of varying size, of which only a small proportion is inhabited.

Approaching the islands from the south, the first of the group we see is Fair Isle, about twenty-four miles south of mainland. It stands in solitary grandeur, crowned by its Ward Hill, and guarded by its towering rocky cliffs, the scene of many a shipwreck before the erection of the two lighthouses which are now placed, one on the west and the other on the east of the island. Here, after the defeat of the 'Invincible Armada' in 1588, the 'Gran Grifon,' one of the Spanish galleons, was completely wrecked, but a number of the crew landed safely on the island. It is probable that from them the natives acquired the art of making their peculiar hosiery, which is quite distinct from that made on the neighboring isles. The wool is colored by dyes obtained from lichens and plants growing on the island, and the patterns are identical with those employed by Spanish fishermen.

Steaming northwards, Sumburgh Head, a sheer precipice of rock, comes into view, and, looming beyond it, the dark, forbidding height of 'Fitful Head' (famous as the scene of Sir Walter Scott's 'Pirate'), and we are soon ploughing through that headlong boisterous tideway, known as 'Sumburgh Roost,' that hisses and seethes around the rent and jagged rocks at the base of the cliff. Sumburgh Head is the southern point of mainland, and the lighthouse on its brow flashes at night a kindly warning twenty-four miles out to sea.

Continuing northward along the eastern coast of mainland, we pass Mousa, the chief island of the group, with its interesting Pictish castle, the best specimen of such in the islands. The structure resembles a round tower, is fifty feet in diameter, the walls, about fifteen feet thick, are built of slabs of slate compactly wedged together, without the aid of mortar, and the one low doorway is small enough to be quickly barricaded or built up, at the approach of danger. All speaks of security, and of an age when the struggle for existence left no room for luxury, or the study of aesthetics.

Some distance beyond this lies the island of Bressay, and between it and mainland stretch the sheltered waters of Bressay Sound, the northern part of which forms the harbor of Lerwick. The southern coast of Bressay presents a bold, precipitous front, at some points over 500 feet high, but fretted and pierced by the violence of the waves. On its seaboard we pass 'The Giant's Leg,' a wonderful massive arch of rock dipping over into the sea; then the entrance to the finely-arched Orkneyman's Cave, frequently explored by pleasure par-

ties in boats provided with torches. On the heights above we notice the well-equipped Kirkabister lighthouse, and speedily glide between the coasts of Bressay and the picturesque headland of the Knab, into the beautiful harbor of Lerwick, said by many to be the finest natural harbor in the world.

Harry's Fortunes.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The little kitchen was stifling, for the day had been warm, and you must have a hot fire in the stove when you are doing up fine fol de rols for a young lady. Miss Emily Courtney's pieces in the weekly wash were many, and frilled and fluted and ruffled and puffed past believing, but Miss Emily paid well for her laundering, so Mrs. McMahon did not mind the extra work.

'What does keep Harry?' she said, putting away her flatirons and seating herself on the doorstep, a little wiry woman, with sweet mother eyes, her only beauty. The boy who came whistling round the corner of the high road had eyes of the same sort, brave and blue and steady. They looked you squarely in the face. He was freckled and tow-headed, but well-built and sturdy, and somewhere on the borderland of thirteen.

'Well, well, sonny?' Mrs. McMahon said, 'you are late. Where have you been loitering, dear?'

'Not loitering, mother. I staid after school for baseball, and school was not out until four. Then as I was coming home, one of the ladies at the old Chester place, the new ladies who have just taken the house for the season, called me in.'

'What did she want, Harry?'

'Oh, an errand, but I had to wait till the evening train was in; that delayed me. I had to go through the woods to the station to inquire if her little sister's wheeled chair was there. It seems that they are to have one for her from Philadelphia. She is a little lame girl; something ails her back.

'The lady offered me a quarter for doing the errand, mother, but I said, no, thank you. I thought you would not wish me to take money for such a trifle.'

'Of course not, Harry, yet quarters are hard to earn and not very plenty with us. Still, I am pleased that you did not accept payment from her. Now, make haste and eat your supper, dear, and then take Miss Emily's wash home; I'm thankful to get it off my hands.'

The place was a hamlet in Vermont, cold in winter, but very pleasant in the summer, and all through the neighborhood were cottages and inns, to which visitors came from the hot towns. Invalids particularly found it a delightful resort, and told their friends about its breezy evenings and the fine drives, and the bathing in the mountain lake.

Mrs. McMahon and her son had always lived here and were accustomed to the flittings back and forth of strangers. Their own income was dependent on the amount of work the strangers brought for they were very poor. But it was not bitter poverty. The cabin was always bright and cheerful. There was enough for a hungry boy to eat and he needed only plain clothing and went barefoot most of the summer. Mrs. McMahon was always expecting better days when the little home should be paid for and she need not work quite so hard, and when her clever Harry should have an education. That was what he longed for, too, to be grown up and keep mother like a lady. He made many a nice plan for mother.

His supper did not take him long. It was only cornbread and molasses and a glass of milk. Then he put Miss Emily's dainty basket on his wheelbarrow and trudged off to the inn with its white finery shining in the rising moon. The moon was full.

It never occurred to the manly little boy that he had more tasks than other boys, nor that it would be fine to have a pony, a bicycle, or a gun, as the boys who spend seasons at the hotel did. He simply took each day as it came. Baseball had begun to be an absorbing enjoyment, but it did not interfere with lessons, nor with helping mother. Father was lying asleep under the wild roses in the graveyard and mother had only Harry to care for her. One of these days she should wear a gown of black silk and sit with a piece of fleecy knitting in her hands, and somebody should wash and iron for her. That was Harry's intention in the background of his mind. Meanwhile he went whistling along the road.

His shadow, a little fox terrier named Buck, trotted after him this evening, making occasional forays on his own account after rabbits and woodchucks.

On the edge of the grove that, like a belt of protecting sentries, surrounded the hotel, the dog stopped, barking and peering warily, and Harry, also stopping, saw the glimmer of a white something behind one of the tall trees. There were people in the countryside who were rather superstitious and believed in witches, ghosts, and haunts, but Harry was scornful of such things, and feared nothing except being afraid. To be a 'fraid cat' he would have considered a deep disgrace. He set his wheelbarrow carefully on one side of the road and went into the shadowy wood to investigate. As he came nearer, he heard the soft, low crying of a child, sobbing under its breath, as if it did not want to be heard. Presently he perceived on the pine needles a little ebony crutch, and became aware of the crippled girl whom he had seen in the afternoon.

'Why, sis!' he exclaimed, 'what are you doing here? Are you lost?'

'I thuppothe tho,' lisped the little one. 'Thithter went to make a call and told me to thay home, but I wath afraid, tho I thlipped after her, and now I can't get back, I tho tired.'

'Don't worry, little girl'; the boy felt very big and strong. 'You sit still here with my dog, and I'll come back and get you, when I've taken home Miss Emily's clothes.'

'No,' said the baby; 'you take me home now.'

'Can't,' saying which, Harry turned to go. 'Miss Emily's things will be all ruined in the dew. I'm obliged to do my work first. I'll soon be back. Here, Buck, take care of the little lady.'

'I'm afraid of dogs,' she wailed.

'Of other dogs, you mean. Not of my dear little Buck. He is a friendly dog, and you will like him.'

Buck sat down as if on guard, making no advances, and the child stopped crying and sat still, looking at him. Harry rushed back to his barrow and basket, but, alas! just as he gained the road a boy riding a bicycle came coasting by at a flying rate of speed. The boy swerved to avoid knocking Harry down and instead upset the wheelbarrow and himself; the clean clothes, the bicycle, the wheelbarrow and the boy were involved in a tumbled heap on the dusty path, all much the worse for collision, and the clothing underneath everything else, entirely spoiled. Harry's face was red and rueful.

'I say,' he exclaimed, 'you might have looked where you were going. You shouldn't have been riding so fast, you know.'

'And why under the sun did you come along just then, and who, pray left that great clutter budget in the way?' answered the other, wrathfully, trying to get up and falling back with a groan.

'I've believe I've broken my leg,' he gasped, turning faint as he again tried to rise, swooning altogether away.

Here was Harry in a pickle. Two cripples on his hands. His word pledged to a forlorn child who was waiting for him, a boy his own size lying unconscious in the path, his mother's day's work all to do over again. 'Sir Bedivere was never any worse off,' he thought, for Harry's one treasure was an old copy of a book of knight errantry, left with him a year back by a man who had been staying at the Port and who took a fancy to the blue-eyed boy.

The boy who will surely get on in the world and become a successful man, is the boy who, in an emergency, acts quickly, and who does not lose his presence of mind. Harry saw at a glance that the one to be first attended to was the bicyclist, and as lights were gleaming out on the hotel porch, and music was sounding from the parlors where the young people were dancing, he shouted with all his might, hoping that some one would hear him.

'Help! help!' he called. But nobody heeded. The sweet strains of the piano drowned the boy's voice.

So he did the best possible thing for his fallen foe, as he now regarded him. He pulled him down so that he lay flat on the ground, and presently the faintness passed and the boy revived.

'Now,' said Harry, 'I am going to the hotel to get help. Who shall I tell the inn people is hurt?'

'Ask for my father, Dr. Sinclair. Tell him Hugh is here with a broken leg. It's —what—he—always—expected,' said the boy, trying to sit up.

'If you keep still, Hugh, I'll bring your father.'

'The worst part won't be bringing Dr. Sinclair,' thought Harry. 'It will be telling mother and Miss Emily. And the little maiden in the woods; I trust no harm will befall her, and no wicked knights be about when I am not there for her defense.'

But though his musings were grandiloquent, the boy's progress over the avenue to the hotel was very swift. His tidings made a sensation. The young lady whom Harry recognized in a group on the porch was amazed to hear where her little sister was, and went at once to find her. She was fast asleep, little Buck by her side. Two parties went different ways, one carrying Hugh for surgical treatment, his father, full of concern, yet cheering him by saying that there were worse things

than broken legs. The other went to the cottage near Harry's cabin with the little runaway, who never wakened, even when she was undressed and put into her own bed.

The worst part was, indeed, as Harry had said, telling the mother, for Miss Emily was considerate and said that accidents would happen, and that she did not care. But Mrs. McMahon's lost day troubled her boy. He insisted on helping her by ironing the handkerchiefs and towels, a thing she had never let him do before, but she saw that he was anxious to lift her load and did not deny him. Indeed, there is no reason why a boy should not do a woman's work when it is hard, if his doing it can relieve her, and the woman is a person whom he loves; mother, for instance, or sister.

He was neatly folding the last little piece the next afternoon, when Dr. Sinclair rode to the door and fastened his horse before he came in.

'Hello, young man!' he called; 'what are you up to to-day?'

'Doing something for my mother,' answered Harry in a matter-of-course way.

'My boy Hugh wants you to come and sit with him. He's laid by, his leg in splints; it'll be some time before he breaks another wheel, or does any more mischief, but he didn't mean to and we must excuse him, madam,' said the doctor, making a bow. 'Allow me to compensate you for Hugh's overturn of your basket; yes, I insist,' he added, as she drew back. 'It is only just,' and he dropped a gold piece into her hand and turned to go.

'I shall consider it a favor if in any spare time he has you will allow my boy to have the pleasure of Harry's company.'

During the next two months the boys grew very fond of one another, and Dr. Sinclair, who was very observant of his son's companions, discovered that Harry McMahon was a boy of fine mind. One day the doctor made a very radical proposition to Harry's mother. He suggested that she should leave the old home, go to New York, where the Sinclairs lived and find employment there as matron of an orphan asylum. In fact, he knew of a vacant place, and was authorized by the trustees to offer it to her.

Harry could have good school advantages there and the doctor promised to keep an eye upon him.

Even sweeping changes are accepted very naturally by childlike people who trust in the Lord. Mrs. McMahon went to the new place and filled it acceptably. Time passed. Her boy became a tall young man, went to college, working his way, studied medicine, was at last a surgeon with a cool hand, steady nerves and kind heart. The day arrived in her later life that the little mother wore black silk gowns and rode in her carriage, and had people to help her over every hard place. For Harry came to fame and fortune, serving God and the present age. And Hugh Sinclair and he are still comrades, though they have boys of their own now.

The superintendent of Public Instruction in San Francisco said before the Legislative Committee of the State that he had carefully kept the records of the effect of cigarette smoking on the boys in the public schools of the country, and that he found that a 'cigarette fiend, not only fell off in department and lesson reports, but he would invariably lie and steal.'

Teddy's Trip.

(By Helen Stirling, 'Westminster.')

Teddy's examinations had been in May, the last of those sweet days, when the soft breeze, bringing the scent of hiding May flowers, of bursting leaves, and fresh upturned soil, stole into the school-room, through the open windows, and played 'Blind Man's Buff' with the scholars, lightly touching the curls of the lassies, boldly buffetting the brown cheeks of the laddies, whispering 'catch me if you can,' as it capered about, then flew out of the window, only to come back in a moment to play again.

Examinations in May Yes, for Teddy's teachers were very wise, and were quite certain that heat had a dissolving effect on everybody's 'thinks,' and that everybody forgot everything they did not have to remember, in the hot days of June and July. So all the glorious month of June lay before Teddy, free from anxious care.

How full of delight these days should be. How full he did not then know.

One night, the waiting time for mother was longer than usual. When she came, she sat down close to Teddy, and laying aside their book said, 'Shall we talk to-night, Teddy? I have much to tell you. I have packages for you, one a tiny one with bad news, the other, larger, with good news, which shall we open first?'

Which would you have chosen? Teddy chose the smaller. 'I am glad. The smaller explains the larger,' said his mother. Then she told him that their good doctor had said his father must have a long rest.'

'I am glad,' said Teddy. 'I knew he was tired. He doesn't play with me now, as he used to. Don't you think I could help him, mother?'

'I think you could, Teddy, more than you do, in many ways. But just now he must take a long trip; I must go with him. That's the first package, now for the second. We have decided to cross the great Atlantic, and visit his old home in Scotland, and you are to come with us.'

For some moments Teddy held not only his peace, but his breath also, and his eyes grew as large as saucers. Breath and speech came back in one word, 'When?'

'In a day or two, Teddy.'

You can imagine what followed; searching of time-tables, packing of trunks, and all kinds of excitement till the great day came, and saying good-bye to Tom, and the others of the home left behind, Teddy's trip began.

He lived many hundreds of miles from the sea, and was several days and nights rushing through our great Canada on one of our swiftest trains.

How he laughed as he crept up to his berth at night, behind the great curtains which the colored porter had so deftly arranged, and pulling up his blind, lay looking out into the great country through which the train sped, like some huge one-eyed, glittering, writhing monster.

In the distance gleamed many lights. The train snorted, swayed and shook and was darting through them, staying not an instant. On, on, with rattle and roar, until his eyes grew heavy, the noise reached him in his dreams, and the shaking was all unfelt.

Next morning he half expected to find the engine less lively, after its long, hard race, and he went to his favorite stand, the front of the first car. There it was, hard at it, puffing and blowing and tugging impatiently at the long train as if it had slept all night, and just begun work. It must have known that just a little ahead was another engine, fresh after a long rest, waiting all ready fired, to take its place, and give it its well won rest.

It would take too long to tell you how Teddy enjoyed the run by the great lake, the waves of which sparkled and foamed in the sunshine, and he wondered if that were like the ocean; how they followed the river as it ran gladly down to the sea, now running close to its banks, out in the open, now darting into the woods, playing 'hide and go seek' with it, till just as the bells rang six, they rushed into Montreal station, and Teddy knew the first stage of their journey was over.

In the few hours that remained of the summer day Teddy saw Montreal Mountain the 'Mont Royal' of his history, rising from the banks of the grand old river, just as it did so many years ago, when Cartier landed. Then, in and out among the rude houses gathered among the trees, roamed plumed and painted warriors, while at the doors sat the squaws busy making nets, fashioning their rude garments and nursing noisy papooses. Teddy saw no warriors, squaws or papooses. Electric cars flashed past, the streets were gay with brightly dressed men and women, and immense buildings of stone, higher than he had ever dreamed of, rose up on every side.

High above the noises he caught the cry of the swarthy French carter, shouting to his horse, 'Marche-toi,' 'Arrete, donc,' 'Va-t-on,' as suited his humor, and Teddy looked curiously at those highly educated horses, which understood French.

But as the darkness fell, and the Mountain rose black behind the city, and as the lights came twinkling out on house and street far up the mountain side, like so many fire-flies among the trees, the weary travellers turned to the wharves. Soon they found their steamer and their stateroom. How Teddy laughed at the little room with the small, round port-holes for windows, and their berths! How comical they were! But he was tired, and glad enough to scramble to one, cuddle down in it, and fall fast asleep.

When he awoke Montreal was far behind, and the steamer well down the river. He hurried on deck and made many wonderful discoveries before breakfast. All day long the vessel stole along the river, winding about in a fashion which quite bewildered Teddy, until his father explained it all to him, showing him the mark of the shore by which the helmsman steered.

Just as the sun sank down behind the hills, throwing back to the clouds a good-night kiss of golden glory, the fort of Quebec stole into view, black against the gold. Slowly they throbbed past the little bay, and Teddy looked long and lovingly at 'Wolfe's Cove.' One of his best loved heroes had been the little English general. His heart had twined round him, as he read of his long, weary watch before that great old city, bristling with French cannon, weak from illness, still brave and undaunted. He saw quite clearly as they sailed slowly past, the little English flotilla drifting quietly down with the tide, then lying so still while the dark figures scrambled up that steep, steep bank. 'How could they do it, mother?' he whispered to his friend, who was never far away from him or his father.

"They were true soldiers, Teddy, and "ought" meant to them, as it should to us "can." We always can do the things we ought. Our brave-hearted Wolfe had found the work God meant him to do, and did it. Had he been stronger he might have done more and thought less, and it was thought, steady, clear thought that opened the way into the French citadel. See how it stands! How hopeless it must have seemed that September night,' and they looked up at the fort frowning down upon them from its place on the cliff, then across to the opposite bluff on which rose Point Levis. 'Just see, Teddy, this has well been called the "gateway of Canada." '

As they spoke, out from the shadow of the cliff, into the line of crimson ripples, came a row-boat, the oars creaking on their pins as two brawny Frenchmen pulled it close to the side of the anchored steamer. Up the rope ladder climbed one pilot, down shot the other; mail bags were exchanged, and with many hearty 'Bon Soirs' the little boat passed again into the shadow; the great heart throbbed again, and the steamer moved out into the moonlight. Early next morning Teddy woke with a start. Surely something was wrong; it seemed as if the world had suddenly stopped its race round the sun.

'Mother,' he whispered, as he sat up in his berth, in fear.

'Yes, Teddy.'

'What is the matter? Are we sinking?'

'No, no, Teddy, dear, the engine has stopped; we are letting off the pilot at Rimouski and exchanging mails. This is our good-bye to Canada for some months; we will soon be out in the ocean. Listen! There are the bells.' And the tinkling of the bells in the engine-room was followed instantly by the slow, dull thud, which soon quickened into the regular throb of the usual speed.

His next waking was not so pleasant. He found the curtains swaying slowly, his body a little inclined to roll about in the berth, with a strange sensation of being rocked in a cradle very present.

'How do you feel, Teddy?' asked his mother, as she saw his head appear above his berth.

'All right. I'm going to get up.'

He was not long in getting on deck. How changed everything was! All the golden glory of the day before had gone; the sky was dull, the sea black and angry, roared and broke against the steamer. On she went, rolling to one side as they crashed against her, righting herself only to roll again.

The steak he ordered for breakfast, however, came too late, Teddy was not there to receive it. The waiter smiled a meaning smile, as he glanced at Teddy's empty place. Teddy's was not the only empty chair. Poor Teddy! He was in his stateroom all in a heap on the sofa under the port-hole. He could have told no one just how uncomfortably he felt, and was just settling down into misery, when suddenly came a crash, as if a giant with a mountain for a mallet, had struck the side of the steamer and into the room, over the locker, over the sofa, carrying everything before it, poured the water. With a bound Teddy was in the passage calling, 'The water's coming into our state-room. Come quickly.'

Up from his breakfast sprang the captain, followed by the mate, chief steward, doctor, waiters, all rushing down to No. 24. Teddy got there, among them, just as the captain said to the bed-room steward, who had just arrived, 'Steward, see that the ports are fastened properly. It's very unsafe to have them open at all in such weather.' And Teddy knew there was no cause for alarm. The water was baled out, the room made comfortable, and Teddy was allowed to sleep.

After that, although the ship rolled till the steward staggered, and dishes dropped, Teddy stood like a sailor, and laughed at the fun.

He learned to love those great heaving billows rolling in such majesty across the boundless deep, and shouted with glee as their crests foamed and scattered in spray with a strange hissing sound. And the gulls; those white-winged, silver-breasted sea birds hovering round the steamer, with their weird, sad cry, lighting on the crest of the wave, rising and falling with it as they rested there.

With a great cry in his heart he ran to his mother one day, 'Oh, mother, mother, they're shooting the gulls with their revolvers, just for fun. Oh! mother, won't you stop them?' And he burst into tears. Manly tears those tears of Teddy's were, and his mother comforted him by telling him the captain would not allow it, and repeated to him, as she had often done on this voyage, as they watched these spirit-like birds—lines from an old song of an old sailor —

'He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

She then told him that his father was not at all well, and there were many little things he could do to help them. How gladly Teddy did this, only those who know him know. Here and there he ran like a flash, brightening his father with his bright face and merry tales. He persuaded him to go up on deck and gathered wraps and rugs to make him comfortable.

Not a moment too soon did they reach the side of the vessel. Passengers and crew stood motionless, watching with breathless interest a great glistening mass of ice, moving slowly by. Peak above peak it rose, with deep crevices on its broken surface, while perched at all points, were Teddy's friends—the white wings. A shot rang out, and they rose to hover about the steamer and light again on their castle of ice.

I cannot tell you of the fog and how the mournful fog-horn bellowed until the sky was clear again, of the whales who spouted white fountains into the air, of the porpoises who ran their tumbling races with the ship, or of the many new things he saw, for we have many things to see in the new old land to which Teddy is going. Meanwhile we think of him enjoying his life on the wide, wide sea, doing much to make the days brighter for those about him.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

The Missionary Puzzle.

(W. Bert Foster, in 'The Sabbath-school Visitor.')

'I can't go out for a week?'

Master Johnny Amsden's face displayed a vast amount of disappointment.

'Not for a full week,' said the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

'Why, doctor, I've just got to go out.'

'What for, I'd like to know?' demanded Dr. Maxwell, gazing down upon him, quizzically. 'What is there of such importance that you must disregard my orders, eh?' and he pinched Johnny's ear.

'Why, I'll tell you,' said his youthful patient, confidentially; 'it's about the missionary society.'

'Ho, ho!' cried the doctor. 'Do you dabble in associations for the furnishing of gingham aprons and silk hats to the South Sea Islanders?'

'I guess you don't know much about missions and missionaries, Dr. Maxwell,' said the boy, with gravity.

'Maybe I don't. Do you?'

'Our society supports a missionary in China and a native preacher in Burma,' replied Johnny, with pride, 'It's the Burmese missionary that these measles interfere with.'

The jolly doctor threw back his head and laughed again. 'I guess these measles of yours'll not hurt any missionary in Burma,' he said. 'They're not as contagious as all that. You've got 'em pretty light, you know. You'll be out in a week.'

'But I've only got this week to earn my dollar in.'

'What dollar?'

'Why,' said Johnny, seriously, 'each of us agreed to earn a dollar extra for the Burmese preacher, and we're to have a meeting next week and tell how we got our dollar. We're to earn 'em ourselves, you know. I was troubled a good deal about how I should earn mine, so the time slipped by until this week, and it's the last one.'

'How are you going to earn it?' inquired the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

'I promised to help Mr. Smith, the market man round the corner, every night after school for a week; he said he'd give me a dollar. So you see, doctor, if you don't let me go out, I can't keep my promise.'

'Humph! Haven't you a dollar of your pocket-money left?'

'Oh, yes, sir, but that wouldn't be earning it!'

'It looks, then, as though I should have to furnish you the means of earning that dollar, as I am the one who keeps you indoors. Of course the measles can't be blamed.'

'Oh, no, sir, I didn't mean that!' cried Johnny.

'Of course you didn't,' said the doctor, with a wink. 'You'd rather go out and be assistant to a green grocer. But, as you're so fond of working in a store, I'll give you a job that would puzzle the best boy Smith ever had.'

Johnny looked at him in some doubt.

'I'll pay you a dollar if you do it, too,' said the physician, smiling. 'I'll let you use your brains instead of your hands. If you're bright enough, you can earn your dollar.'

'What do you want me to do?' asked Johnny, curiously.

'Just a little figuring. It will keep you busy to-day, I guarantee. If you can do the sum by the time I come to-morrow you shall have your dollar.'

'But what is it?' cried the young patient.

'It's a problem—a puzzle—and you're to

work it out, and here it is:There was a groceryman who had an eight-quart jug full of vinegar. The grocer had an order for four quarts, but had only a three-quart and a five-quart measure in his store. He told his boy to get four quarts of the vinegar for his customer, and he was not allowed to pour out and waste any of the vinegar, and he had no other vessel to help him but the two measures. How did he do it?'

Johnny looked at him blankly, and the doctor laughed again.

'Well, that's a sticker!' declared the boy.

'Think so, do you? Well, the other boy did it. If you want to be a grocer some time, you'll have to learn to do such things,maybe. Now you've got twenty-four hours to do the sum. Good-bye!'

The doctor started for the door, still laughing. Mary, the maid, came to let him out; but Johnny ran after him and asked, just as the gentleman was stepping into the vestibule: 'Doctor! doctor! it isn't a joke, is it? You can really do it?'

'Of course you can, if you're as smart as that grocer's boy was.'

'Just give it to me again,' said Master Johnny. 'If one boy's done it, I can do it;' and the doctor repeated the problem.

But after he had studied over the thing for a good hour without arriving at an answer, Johnny began to believe that the grocer's boy was pretty smart.

'An eight-quart jug, a three-quart measure, and a five-quart measure—and that's all!' he exclaimed. 'Well, I'd like to know how he did it. I'll go down and see cook.'

Now, cook was fat and jolly, and didn't mind little boys 'messing' round in her kitchen if she wasn't bothered about her dinner.

'Are you bothered to-day, cook?' asked Master Johnny, looking in at the door.

'No, honey; everything's doing beautiful.'

'I want to know how you'd measure four quarts of vinegar if you had an eight-quart jug full and only had a three-quart and a five-quart measure to turn it into? Or, no! I don't want you to tell me; for that wouldn't be fair. But I want to know if you think it can be done.'

Cook thought some time with great gravity. 'Laws, honey,' she said at last, 'I don't see how it can be done, nohow. But I got a eight-quart jug yere, an' measures. You kin play they ain't graduated, an' you kin fill the jug with water, an' try to do it. Warm water, of co'se, so you'll not get cold.'

'What's "graduated measures"?' asked Johnny.

'See them lines on the tin there?' said cook, holding up the measure. 'Those are for pints and quarts, though that's a three-quart measure. There's a five-quart one. There's the jug. Now, don't spill the water on my clean floor.'

Johnny thanked her and set to work on the practical working out of his problem. After much pouring and re-pouring, he at length solved the problem. And this is the way you must proceed if you want to solve it too. Let A represent the three-quart measure, B the five-quart measure, and C the eight-quart measure:—

	A	B	C
At start measures thus filled	3	5	0
Empty A into B, leaving..	0	3	5
Fill A from C, leaving..	3	3	2
Fill B from A, leaving..	1	5	2
Empty B into C, leaving..	1	0	7
Empty A into B, leaving..	0	1	7
Fill A from C, leaving..	3	1	4
Empty A into B, leaving	0	4	4

When the doctor came the following morning, Johnny was ready for him. The doctor seemed to be greatly surprised at his success, and parted with the dollar for missions with apparent regret; but Johnny thought afterwards that maybe the physician knew more and cared more about missions than he appeared to.

Anyway,Johnny was well enough the next week to go to the missionary meeting, and put the puzzle to the society, and they bothered their heads over it half the afternoon, and Johnny finally had to invite them to his house, where he could illustrate the solution with the jug and measures in question.

Mrs. Gillis's New Roof.

(J. R. Balch in Philadelphia 'Presbyterian.')

A very cold, snowy season it was, and the old roof on Mrs. Gillis's once comfortable home had become very leaky. It had been patched so often that at last the town carpenter told her it was no use to try to make it serve any longer. And Mrs. Gillis felt perfectly discouraged. True, she had put aside a little money for the missionaries—the pastor always made a special appeal once a year, and some tried to persuade Mrs. Gillis that charity began at home, but that money was sacred. She would not touch it, and it snowed and rained, and rained and snowed, but her purpose changed not.

Addie Lee, a young niece, had written to Mrs. Gillis she wanted to come over to Weston to spend a week, and she must come by all means, though she could not entertain her in the style she would like.

The home was suburban, and half hidden from the street in apple and peach orchards in summer time, and it was proverbially a home of comfort and thrift, but the last few years adversity had come in the failure of a bank in which Mrs. Gillis's little all had been deposited. But she bore it nobly, and only said: 'He who fed me last will feed me still,' and the old lady toiled away at her room, weaving rag carpets and cloth, and active in domestic employments, she was always cheerful and happy.

Addie Lee was attached to her aunt. She was a very amiable girl, and Mrs. Gillis felt it would be a bright spot to have a visit from the sweet child. It was an old-time house, with wide halls, and broad back porches, and everything in the house was antique, and as you entered it the thought would strike you, 'How much an antiquary would like this place.'

It was the morning after Addie's arrival, and the two were sitting at the breakfast table enjoying the buckwheat cakes and other good things when the subject of the much needed new roof came up.

'I'll tell you, aunty,' said Addie, 'there is such an antiquarian air over everything in this house. I feel as though it had a fortune and didn't realize it. I'm going all over the house to-day, and see what I can find.'

'Very well,' said her aunt, 'and half the fortune shall be yours.'

'Don't forget that, aunty,' said the girl, 'I shall hold you to it,' and both laughed heartily.

'And we won't forget the missionaries either,' said Addie, who knew something about that little sacred box locked up in her aunt's wardrobe, waiting for the minister to call and ask for its contents.

The first place Addie went to was the attic—a wide, commodious old room, filled with the accumulations of many years, and unlocking an old secretary she began to search for old stamps.

'I never could tell what anyone wanted with them,' she said to herself, 'but the fact is that many are buying them at extravagant prices, and it is no harm to look and see if there are any here.'

O. yes, there were many. Mrs. Gillis's husband had been an editor, and here were hundreds of letters.

One of the first she found was a stamp used when Benjamin Franklin Pierce was president. 'There's a fortune,' said the girl. 'I heard a stamp collector say that that very stamp was now valuable. I wonder aunty never thought of this—I am so glad I came.'

And there were many other old stamps in that Noah's Ark—some worth five, others as much as twenty dollars each.

After she had searched a long time, she went down and found her aunty busy paring apples to make a dessert for dinner, as they expected company for dinner. 'Aunty, you'll not only have a new roof, but many other things I know you need, you dear, old missionary. See these stamps—especially this one in Pierce's time. I don't know whether he ever did the country any good or not, but I am sure he is going to do you and me some good.'

'I never had any faith about old stamps,' replied her aunt. 'I never believed yet anybody was such a simpleton as to buy them.'

Facts are often stranger than fiction. Despite Mrs. Gillis's lack of faith, a stamp dealer wrote back to Addie that he would give her one hundred and fifty dollars for the Pierce stamp, and he was as good as his word.

The new roof was soon put on, and various other little improvements made, and Rev. Mr. Smith was utterly astonished at the amount he found in that little bank when he called on Mrs. Gillis next.

And Addie had a lovely trip the next summer to New England, a trip she had longed for for a long time. And Mrs. Gillis said: 'I'll never doubt again as long as I live—the Lord is sure to verify his promises.'

A Chat With the Girls.

Almost the prettiest compliment ever paid a woman in my hearing was the praise of a man who said that in all the years of his acquaintance with her he had never heard her express an unkind thought of another. When there were no good and pleasant things for her to say she simply held her peace.

I used to belong to a set of girls who were notoriously free with their tongues. In other respects they were really nice girls, good-tempered and well-bred. The habit of saying unkind things had sprung from an endeavor to be smart and nothing else. Matters came to such a pass that every girl of the number disliked to leave the company for fear of the wagging of tongues which she knew would follow her departure. That could not last, of course, and one day they were brought to a realization of their fault when one of the girls, who was forced to return home early in the afternoon, remarked, as she prepared for departure: 'Girls I must go now, and don't you dare to talk about me after my back is turned. I shall be sure to know it, and there will be war.' She left blank silence in the room, broken at last by the most popular member of the

set. 'Are we really as bad as all that?' she asked, in a quiet tone.

Very little was said that afternoon; in fact, reformation began upon the spot. It was hard to break up the habit of talking over absent ones, but it was done in much less time than you might imagine. Gossip is a pastime with people, men as well as women. What a life this would be if we could eliminate backbiting, tale-bearing, fault-finding and unnecessary curiosity. It would come pretty near the accepted idea of paradise.—'Boston Traveller.'

My Mother.

(For the 'Messenger.')

Gentle and pure as lilies are;
Fair as a rose, and sweeter far
Than any flow'r that courts the breeze,
Or wafts its perfume through the trees.

Such is my mother, whom I prize
More than all else beneath the skies;
And pray that God will spare her still
My youthful life with joy to fill.

She pours a balm on all my pain;
Her smile oft makes me well again,
And gladness brings into my heart,
When nothing else could ease the smart.

Like gentle music, soft and low,
In summer—floating to and fro—
Borne on the breeze, from fountain bright,
Across the stillness of the night;

So comes her welcome voice to me,
That makes me and my cares set free;
To emulate the cheerful grace
That seems to shine from Mother's face.

Sometimes my mind has known no rest,
And all my life seemed sad at best;
No friend was near to sympathize
When heavy both my heart and eyes.

Thus, all alone,—too sad to pray—
God sent her smile to clear the way;
Till all was pleasant as before,
And sorrow parted through the door.

Oh! Mother, thou, my truest friend,
Slow to indict, quick to defend!
O'er thy pure life may God preside
And spare thee long to be my pride.

—Will B. Waters.

Guelph.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

The Commercial Temperance League.—Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., speaking recently at the meeting of the Commercial Travellers' League in Hull, referred to the great change that has taken place among commercial travellers on the temperance question during the last forty or fifty years. At that time comparatively few firms would have sent a young man on the road who was a total abstainer. It was different now, and there were a large number of successful travellers thorough abstainers. The commerce of the country was gradually shaking itself free from the debasing treating system, and it would be a happy day when every commercial traveller and every business man realized that a glass was not necessary to the receiving or giving of an order.

Indian Mission.

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—Last spring Miss —— went to join the Indian Mission at Crowstand. With her permission, I send a copy of a letter from her to the Juniors of a C. E. Circle, in which, I think, other young people may be interested. She prefers that her name be not used in print, and I make the same request regarding mine, but if the letter will be of any use to you, you are welcome to it. Our white boys and girls can hardly know too much about these other Canadian children, to whom we owe so much, in more ways than one. Yours sincerely,

MRS. ——.

Crowstand, Assa.

Dear Children,—You will be thinking I will have become so interested in my Indian boys and girls that you have been quite forgotten; but no, indeed. Now you will want to know what the children here are like. They are pretty dark little things, and, strange to say, the palms of their hands and soles of their feet are nearly always white. They do not go to school for the whole day as white children do. While the morning children are in school the others are being taught to work; and the same with the afternoon children. The girls are taught how to bake bread, and they can make real good bread, too. If any of you little girls would like to know how, I will get one of our little girls to write you how. They also learn to sew, knit, cook, and anything that will be useful to them. We must not forget our boys, what they do. In the morning they sweep their own dormitories, make their beds nicely, too; clean and tidy their own basements, bring in wood, which they have to cut for two stoves, two furnaces, and the bake-oven. How would you boys like to have that to do? The older boys milk the cows, feed the calves and little pigs, and learn all they can about farming.

Now, these children can't go for car drives, nor picnics, nor boat-sails; they have no such enjoyments like you little ones; but they do enjoy a walk, playing on the bluffs, picking flowers, nuts and cherries. When you speak of going for a walk they are just mad with delight, and almost knock one another over to get hold of the teacher's hand. They have candies about once a month. When Mr. Gilmour walks in with the pail of candies, how their black eyes sparkle! They each get a handful, then they count them, and eat of them very sparingly. Sometimes they will give them to the teacher to keep till the next day. Do you boys and girls save your sweets like that?

Now I want to tell you about a little boy who died shortly after I came here. He lived quite a distance from the mission. We went to see him shortly before he died, and I can tell you, children, I felt very sad when I looked upon the little form crouched up in a box in the corner. The little log-house was very tiny and bare. This little boy had been led to Jesus and was waiting patiently for Jesus to come for him. His parents are not Christians, and their little dying boy pleaded earnestly with them to give their hearts to the Lord. He told his father to be sure and say 'good-bye' to the teachers, and to tell them not to be anxious about him, he was going to be with Jesus. There is much to sadden and discourage us, but, again, dear children, should we not be very happy when we know the Lord is with us, in leading these little heathen boys and girls out of Darkness into Light.

I forgot to tell you, now the autumn has begun and there is lots of mud. The children amuse themselves a great deal in moulding the mud into little animals. At first I thought this was so dirty of them, but I saw the pleasure it gave them, so I rather join in with them now.

We do not get many papers, if you would like to send us some now and again we would be glad of them. Now I must close, asking God to bless you all, that you may be a help, not only to those around you, but to us also by your earnest prayers for us.

I have written a lot, and hope there will be something of interest to you. Ever your friend in the master's work.

Miss ——

Should any one wish to send papers, they may be addressed to the Rev. Neil Gilmour, Crowstand, Assiniboia.

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Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 25, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Strike is an Object Lesson—Views of a Contemporary on the Obligations of Monopolies—'The Engineering News,' New York.
'Peace with Honor'—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Price Paid—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Trusts—'The Times,' London.
The Problem of Ireland—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Municipal Socialism—'The Pilot,' London.
Municipal Socialism—V.—Municipalism versus Private Trading—'The Times,' London.
Condemnation of the Education Bill at the Congregational Union—'Daily Chronicle,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Unmechanicalness of Photography—By Bernard Shaw, in 'The Amateur Photographer.'
Sir Joshua Reynolds—By Jas. Greig, R.B.A., in the 'Morning Post,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

October—By Robert Underwood Johnson.
The Dead Letter—By Edward Rowland Sill.
The English Literary Papers on Emile Zola—'The Spectator,' London; 'The Pilot,' London; 'The Speaker,' London; 'The Academy and Literature.'
Dreyfus at Zola's Grave—'The Times,' London.
A Distinguished Historian—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Genesis of the 'Just So Stories'—'The Times,' London.
Mr. Rudyard Kipling's New Book—'The Manchester Guardian.'
Extracts from Mr. Kipling's New Stories—'The Daily News,' London.
A 'Very-Nearly' Story—Not at all by Mr. Rudyard Kipling—'Punch,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Doctor's Chief Need—'Morning Post,' London.
The Power of Observation in Medicine—'The Lancet,' London.
The Future Coal Mine—The Birmingham 'Daily Post.'

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A Strange Foster-Mother.

The picture given on this page from a 'Christian Herald' artist, is engraved from a photograph by a friend who has been spending a few days in Kent. Outside a cottage door he saw this strange foster-mother, and took a snapshot of the scene. It appears that the cat one day appeared with a family of kittens, but as the people did not wish to keep them, they were drowned at once, in the hope that she would not miss them. But the poor cat made up her mind to find something else to pet and fondle, and after a day or two was seen mewing and talking, in her feline way, to some little chicks in the back garden. The mother of the chickens had been killed accidentally a few days before. So this cat lay down, and the little chicks nestle into her soft furry side, perch on her back, and roam all over the garden with her, and take the place in her affections of her dead kittens. Mr. Louis Martin, of Yarmouth, has a Persian cat which daily takes turns with a cropper pigeon in sitting upon the latter's eggs. He had noticed pussy enter the pigeon-cote several times, and kept watch. She has for nine days gone each morning between eight and nine through the entrance used by the pigeon into the locker, and remained upon the nest until one or two p.m. Twice, when the pigeon was slow to leave, the cat pushed it off with her paw, and then stretched herself upon the nest.

THE KENTISH CAT AND HER FAMILY OF CHICKS.

Emmie's Birthday Cup.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

(Continued.)

Emily told Amy that she lived twelve miles in the country, and that she went to school five months in the year; that their house had four rooms in it, and that she hadn't any brothers or sisters. That she w sn't so very lonesome, but was a little some times, for the nearest neighbor lived two miles away and hadn't any little girls either.

Amy's brown eyes grew large and wondering. 'I should think you'd get awful lonesome,' she said emphatically. 'I haven't any brothers or sisters either, but I've got lots of cousins and friends too, and they come to see me nearly every day. I take drawing lessons, and music lessons and elocution lessons, and I go to school every year, from September till June.'

Just then Maggy brought in a plate of frosted sponge cake and a pitcher of lemonade, and there was a lull in the conversation. Emmie's eyes rested longingly on the cups and saucers as she ate her cake and drank her lemonade. 'Look,mother,' she said in a low voice, 'see the little girl's cups and saucers; she's getting up a collection; ain't they pretty.'

Emmie's mother looked at them and her tired face brightened. 'Very pretty, Emmie,' she said.

Mamma caught Emmie's longing look, so did Amy, and a bright and happy thought popped into her busy little head. She went over to mamma,handing her a glass of lemonade. 'Mamma,' she said in a low tone, 'it's Emmie's birthday, and she didn't get anything. May I give her a cup and saucer, please? I feel so sorry for her.'

Mamma gave a quick nod and Amy retreated, well pleased. She walked over to where Emmie sat, with a resolute air.

'I want to give you a cup and saucer for a birthday present, Emmie,' she said; 'come over and see them, you may have any one you like best.'

Emmie's black eyes grew large with joy. 'A cup and saucer to me ?' she repeated wonderingly.

'Yes, to you,' said Amy, smilingly.

Emmie's mother looked pleased, but a little doubtful as she looked at mamma, but mamma soon set her fears at rest. 'It's all right,' she said with a sweet look.

The two little girls walked over side by side to the little white covered table.

'Now, choose,' said Amy, reassuringly.

Emmie looked them all over again; they were all so pretty, but to her none were half so pleasing as Aunt May's little cup with its shining letters of 'Think of me' upon it, still, she did not want to be selfish, and Amy had said it was her favorite, too. She hesitated a little, then she looked at Amy. The black eyes met the brown ones and seemed to say, 'I like this one best, but I don't like to say so,' then the brown eyes seemed to telegraph

back, 'Oh, but you shall have it, anyway.'

It did cost Amy a pang, but she conquered it nobly. 'You like this one best,' she said gently, then she took it unflinchingly from off the table and put it into Emmie's hands. As she did so, like a flash, the golden text of her next week's Sunday school lesson came into her head, and she repeated it slowly to herself. 'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' Ah, well, and she had not only given the cold water, but the cup with it, and surely God would bless her. And so it was with a sweet feeling of satisfaction in her unselfish little heart, that she moved grandma's cup into the vacant place left among her treasures.

Emmie's eyes danced as she beheld her gift. 'Oh, thank you,' she said ecstatically, 'I'll keep it always to remember you by, though, of course, I couldn't even forget you, but are you sure, really sure, you want me to have it?'

Amy nodded and Emmie turned to her mother with a rapt look. 'Mother, mother, I got a birthday present, anyway, didn't I?' she said in such a jubilant voice that her mother, for the first time, realized how much Emmie had felt the omission.

Away out in the prairies there stood a little house. A light twinkled cheerily in the window, for it was long since dark. In one corner of the kitchen the table stood ready for the evening meal. It was spread with a red table cloth, the plates were of heavy white ware, and the forks were three pronged with black handles. For supper, there were fried potatoes, brown bread and white, a glass dish of wild raspberry jam, and two pitchers, one of milk, the other of buttermilk. There were three plates laid, and by one of them stood a certain little gold banded cup adorned with delicate blue flowers, the only thing of beauty there.

By and by, for I am sure you can guess whose home I am describing, Emmie's father came in, and then the evening meal, so long delayed, began. He was a tall man with a browned tanned face and keen eyes that were liable at times to look a little stern, but he was evidently in a genial mood to-night.

'Well, mother,' he began, after the plates were helped, 'I'm afraid you've had a hard time of it to-day, you and Emmie. It's been so terribly hot.'

'Ask Emmie about it,' said his wife smiling a little; 'I guess she isn't going to complain.'

Emmie laughed and passed the blue and gold cup to her father. 'Some buttermilk, please,' she said.

Her father took up the pitcher and started at the vision of the delicate flower encircled cup confronting him.

'Why,' he said, in an amazed voice, 'where did you get this, Emmie? It's a regular little beauty of a cup, I declare.'

'It's my birthday present,' answered Emmie gayly. 'A little girl named Amy Dorrance, gave it to me, and, oh, father, she was the nicest little girl, I just love her—yes, I do, and she lives in the beautifullest home,with pictures and rugs and everything. She had ten cups and saucers on a little table,' went on Emmie somewhat incoherently, 'and she let me take my pick of 'em, yes, she did, because it was my birthday and I didn't get any present.'

Farmer Dare looked across at his wife. 'It was the place where we stopped to-day,' she explained in a low voice, 'the place where I told you they were so kind to us.'

'Oh,' he said, then he glanced again at his little daughter. 'She let you take your pick, did she?' he said in a queer voice, 'and it's your birthday, is it?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Emmie, in a subdued voice, not knowing whether he were pleased or not.

Her father looked at her again, and his keen gaze softened. He took the dainty gift in his rough, hard hand, and, then, suddenly, a hot tear blurred his eyes. The words on the little cup all ran together and were lost. To think it had been his little Emmie's birthday, and he had given her nothing, and she was his only one. He sat the little cup hastily down. The little golden letters stared at him with their accusing words as if they were Emmie herself. 'Think of me—think of me,' they seemed to say, and he had not thought of her.

'Come here, Emmie,' he said.

Emmie rose and went shyly over to his side. Her father drew her down upon his knee and smoothed her hair with his rough hand.

'Don't be afraid of me, child,' he said, and then Emmie hid her face against his shoulder.

'So the little city girl gave you a present, did she?' he went on a trifle huskily, 'and your own father forgot you. Well, she shan't lose anything by it. I'll take her a jar of honey for this kind act, and some of Daisy's best butter the very next time I go to town, and thank her into the bargain; there ain't many little girls that would have done it, and you just see if you ever go without a birthday present again. Those three little words on that cup reminded me of a good deal I had forgotten. They remind me that I've got the best and dearest and most unselfish little girl in the world, and that I didn't know it.'

He drew his shirt sleeve suddenly across his eyes while Emmie kissed him softly. The unwonted pressure of his child's sweet lips against his brown cheek, moved him strangely.

'Never mind, Emmie,' he said, drawing her closer, 'never mind. Father'll do better by you—yes, and by mother, too. I never took much stock in holidays or birthdays, but somehow this little cup has set me to thinking. 'All work and no play' won't do, it won't do, Emmie.'

Mother had tears in her eyes, too, but there was a new hope in her heart as she listened to these unexpected words.

Both parents looked at Emmie as she took up the little cup. The blue flowers in the lamp light looked bluer than ever, and the shining letters glistened with a golden lustre. Emmie laid the little cup gently against her cheek. 'Oh,' she said blissfully, 'I wonder if Amy really knows how happy she has made me.'

Perhaps Amy did know. At any rate the Recording Angel knew and could testify in the last day when the great book is opened, of how well the little birthday cup had fulfilled its sweet and loving mission

(The End.)

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LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 16.

The Time of the Judges.

Judges ii., 7-19. Commit vs. 18, 19. Read Judges, chs. 2-5.

Golden Text.

'They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.'—Ps. cvii., 19.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 10.—Judg. ii., 7-19.
Tuesday, Nov. 11.—Judg. iii., 1-11.
Wednesday, Nov. 12.—Deut. xxxi., 14-21.
Thursday, Nov. 13.—Jer. ii., 1-13.
Friday, Nov. 14.—Isa. i., 1-9.
Saturday, Nov. 15.—Psa. 81.
Sunday, Nov. 16.—Psa. cvi., 34-48.

Lesson Text.

(7) And the people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of the Lord, that he did for Israel. (8) And Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of the Lord, died, being a hundred and ten years old. (9) And they buried him in the border of his inheritance in Tim-nath-heres, in the mount of Ephraim, on the north side of the hill Gaash. (10) And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers: and there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel. (11) And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim: (12) And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger. (13) And they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtaroth. (14) And the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he delivered them into the hands of spoilers that spoiled them, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies round about, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies. (15) Whithersoever they went out, the hand of the Lord was against them for evil, as the Lord had said, and as the Lord had sworn unto them: and they were greatly distressed. (16) Nevertheless the Lord raised up judges, which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them. (17) And yet they would not hearken unto their judges, but they went a whoring after other gods, and bowed themselves unto them: they turned quickly out of the way which their fathers walked in, obeying the commandments of the Lord; but they did not so. (18) And when the Lord raised them up judges, then the Lord was with the judge, and delivered them out of the hand of their enemies all the days of the judge: for it repented the Lord because of their groanings by reason of them that oppressed them and vexed them. (19) And it came to pass, when the judge was dead, that they returned, and corrupted themselves more than their fathers, in following other gods to serve them, and to bow down unto them; they ceased not from their own doings, nor from their stubborn way.

Condensed from Matthew Henry.

The death and burial of Joshua gave a fatal stroke to the interests of religion among the people, v. 8-9. Yet, so much virtue they had of their obligations to him, that they did him honor at his death, and buried him in Tim-nath-heres: so it is called here, not, as in Joshua, Tim-nath-serah. Heres signifies the sun; a representation of which, some think, was set upon his sepulchre, and gave name to it, in remembrance of the sun's standing still at his word. So divers of the Jewish writers say; but I much question whether an image of the sun would be allowed to the honor of Joshua, at that time when, by reasons of men's general proneness to worship the sun, it would be in danger of being abused to the dishonor of God. All that generation in a few years wore off, their good instructions and examples died and were buried with them, and there arose another generation of Israelites who had so little sense of religion, and were in so little care about it, that notwithstanding all the advantages of their education, one might truly say, that they knew not the Lord, knew him not aright, knew him not as he had revealed himself, else they would not have forsaken him. They were so entirely devoted to the world, so intent upon the business of it, so indulgent of the flesh in ease and luxury, that they never minded the true God and his holy religion, and so were easily drawn aside to false gods and their abominable superstitions. When they forsook the only true God they did not turn atheists, nor were they such fools as to say, There is no God; but they followed other gods: so much remained of pure nature as to own a God, yet so much appeared of corrupt nature as to multiply gods, and to take up with any, and to follow the fashion, not the rule, in religious worship. Israel had the honor of being a peculiar people, and dignified above all others, and yet so false were they to their own privileges, that they were fond of the gods of the people that were round about them. Baal and Ashtaroth, he-gods and she-gods; they made their court to sun and moon, Jupiter and Juno. Baalim signifies lords, and Ashtaroth, blessed ones, both plural, when they forsook Jehovah, who is one, they had gods many, and lords many, as a luxuriant fancy pleased to multiply them. Whatever they took for their gods, they served them, gave honor to them, and begged favors from them.

The God of Israel was therefore provoked to anger, and delivered them up into the hand of their enemies, v. 14, 15. The scale of victory turned against them. After they forsook God, whenever they took the sword in hand, they were as sure to be beaten as before they had been sure to conquer. Formerly, their enemies could not stand before them, but wherever they went, the hand of the Lord was for them; but now, when they were revolted to idolatry, the war turned against them, and they could not any longer stand before their enemies. Wherever they went, they might perceive that God himself was turned to be their enemy, and fought against them, Isa. lxxiii., 10. The balance of power then turned against them of course. Whoever would, might spoil them; whoever would, might oppress them; God sold them into the hands of their enemies. He sold them as insolvent debtors are sold (Matt. xviii., 25). In their distresses to make some sort of reparation to him for the injury it sustained by their apostasy. Observe how their punishment answered what they had done; they served the gods of the nations that were round about them, even the meanest, and God made them serve the princes of the nations that were round about them, even the meanest. (He that is company for every fool, is justly made a fool of by every company.) The hand of heaven was turned against them, as the Lord had said, and as the Lord had sworn (v. 15); referring to the curse and death set before them in the covenant, with the blessing of life. Those that have found God true to his promises, may from thence infer that he will be as true to his threatenings.

The God of infinite mercy took pity on them in their distresses, though they had brought themselves into them by their own sin and folly, and wrought deliverance for them. Though their trouble was the punishment of their sin, and the accompaniment of God's word, yet they were in process of time saved out of their troubles, v. 16, 18. Observe, 1, the inducement of their deliverance. It came purely from God's pity and tender compassion, the reason was fetched from within himself. It is not said, It repented them because of their iniquities, (for it appears, v. 17, that many of them continued unreformed), but, It repented the Lord because of their groanings; though it is not so much the burden of sin, as the burden of affliction, that they are said to groan under. It was true, they deserved to perish for ever under his curse, yet this being the day of his patience and our probation, he does not stir up all his wrath. He might in justice have abandoned them, but he could not for pity do it; 2. The instruments of their deliverance; God did not send angels from heaven to do it or bring in any foreign power for their rescue, but raised up judges from among themselves, as there was occasion, men to whom God gave extraordinary qualifications for, and calls to that special service for which they were designed, which was to reform and deliver Israel, and whose great attempts he crowned with wonderful success; The Lord was with the judges when he raised them up, and so they became saviours. Observe (1) in the days of the greatest degeneracy and distress of the Church, there shall be some whom God will either find or make fit to redress its grievances and set things to rights; (2) God must be acknowledged in the reasonable rising up of useful men for public services. He endues men with wisdom and courage, gives them hearts to act and venture. All that are in any way the blessings of their country, must be looked upon as the gifts of God. Whom God calls, he will own, and give them his presence; whom he raises up, he will be with.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 16.—Topic—'For me.' Isa. liii., 6; Luke xxii., 19, 20; Rom. v., 6-8; 1 John iii., 16.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HELPING THE MISSIONARIES.

Monday, Nov. 10.—Pray for them. 1 Thess. v., 25.

Tuesday, Nov. 11.—Support them. Luke x., 7.

Wednesday, Nov. 12.—Write to them. Ps. lv., 1.

Thursday, Nov. 13.—Praise them. Rom. xiii., 7.

Friday, Nov. 14.—Minister to them. Heb. vi., 10.

Saturday, Nov. 15.—Read about them. Col. iv., 16.

Sunday, Nov. 16.—Topic—How we can help the missionaries. 2 Thess. iii., 1, 2; Mal. iii., 8-12.

History.

The idea originated with Mrs. Stebbins, of Massachusetts, in connection with the Home Department.

The original idea has been broadened by Indiana State S. S. officers to include all kinds of messenger work for the church and Sunday school and was formally inaugurated as a new Department of the State Association by the adoption of the following resolution at Shelbyville, June, 1901:

'Realizing the supreme need of better work for boys—believing the time has come for Sunday school workers to make a general [illegible] for Christ and the [illegible], be it Resolved, That the Association [illegible] a new department to be known as the Messenger Department of the State S. S. Association of Indiana; that a State Messenger be appointed, by the State Board, and the County President or other suitable person be appointed to act as Church Messenger, that a willing, God-fearing man be selected in each school as local manager or leader, and that all the boys of suitable age who are willing to pledge themselves for such service be enrolled as Sunday school Messengers and that each boy be furnished a State Messenger Badge to wear when on duty.'

There has been a growing demand for information and buttons since the Convention and there is a bright outlook.

How Children May Help.

Dear Editor,—Will you kindly permit me to say a few words with the children.

No doubt all the 'Messenger' readers have heard that a vote will be taken on Dec. 4, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

You cannot vote, but may help the temperance cause by asking those of your friends, who may be careless on the subject, to not only go out and vote, but also to take their teams and bring in others who would not otherwise go to the polls. This is what is done at the general election, and this vote is even more important, for it affects the welfare of the bodies and souls of thousands in our country. A child can often influence a man to vote when older people fail. Respectable families say 'there is no danger of any one belonging to us becoming a drunkard.' But while the liquor trade is licensed it will be always on the lookout for victims. This is what it says:

'Johnson, the drunkard, is dying to-day
With traces of sin on his face;
He will be missed at the club and the bar,
Wanted, a boy in his place.

'Wanted—for every lost servant of mine
Some one to live without grace,
Some one to die without pardon divine,
Parents—Have you a boy for the place?'

The vilest drunkard was once an innocent child, and it was the licensed saloon that wrecked this life. I was acquainted with a fine young girl, a member of the Methodist Church; she was a general favorite, and married a young man who was always highly respected.

When her health failed the doctors recommended her to take porter, saying it would strengthen her. (If she had taken hot milk it would have been more strengthening, and no bad effects would have resulted). She used the porter, and gradually her appetite craved for stronger liquor, until she became a staggering drunkard, and is the same at present as far as I know. Such cases should rouse us all to fight with tongue and pen this fiendish traffic.

LOO.

Maxwell, Ont.

Which Will You Take?

('Forward.')

Entering the office of a well-known merchant I lifted my eyes and found myself confronted with the brightest and most thrilling Temperance lecture I ever steered myself against in the whole course of my life. It was an inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card nailed to the desk. The inscription read as follows:

WHICH?

WIFE OR WHISKEY—

THE BABES OR THE BOTTLE?

HOME OR HELL?

'Where did you get that, and what did you nail it up there for?' I asked the merchant.

'I wrote that myself and nailed it up there,' was his reply, 'and I will tell you the story of that card: Some time ago I found myself falling into the drinking habit. I would run out once in a while with a visiting customer or at the invitation of a travelling man, or on every slight occasion that offered. I soon found that my business faculties were becoming dulled, and that my stomach was continually out of sorts, my appetite failing and a constant craving for alcoholic stimulants becoming dominant. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead. One day I sat down at this desk and half unconsciously wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon its completion its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it up there and read it over a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober, and I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. Now, I have no literary proclivities, and I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first is a voice from the altar, the second from the cradle and the third and last from——'

Here my friend's earnestness deepened into a solemn shake of the head, and with that he resumed his work.

I don't think I violate his confidence by repeating the story of that card. In fact, if it should lead to the writing of similar cards to adorn other desks, I think he will be immeasurably gratified.

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Correspondence

Empire, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Northern Messenger.' My second cousin sent this paper to my little sister and me, as a present. We like to read the correspondence page and the other stories.

I go to Sunday School every Sunday it is possible to go. My father is superintendent. One Sunday we have church in the morning and the next Sunday at night. Our minister's name is Mr. Ottawell. We like him very well.

I just have three quarters of a mile to go to school. I am in the fifth class. My teacher's name is Miss Kenyon. I like her as well as any teacher I have had yet.

I have five sisters and one brother. I was twelve years old last January 27th. I would like very much to correspond with Reita D., who recently wrote a letter in the 'Messenger.' My address is:

CLARA E. JOHNSTON,
Empire P.O., Ontario.

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather had taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, but he is dead now, and the 'Messenger' still comes in his name, and I enjoy reading the correspondence very much. This is the first letter I have written, so you cannot expect it to be a very good one. We live seven miles from the town of St. George. We only have a little distance to go to school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Clindinin. I am in the fourth grade. Our lessons are geography, spelling, writing, reading, composition, drawing, singing. My father keeps a store and post office. Mamma has a great many house plants, and they are all in bloom. Papa keeps two horses and one cow. I have three sisters and three brothers. My eldest sister and I both play the organ. We have a phonograph.

BESSIE McG. (Age 9.)

Stellarton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I never saw a letter from Stellarton in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write you one. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday School, and like it very much, especially the correspondence. I go to school every day and study fifth book, grammar, history, geography, arithmetic. My teacher's name is Mr. Henderson. I like him very much. My father keeps a grocery store, and I often keep store. I will be thirteen years old January 17th. I read a lot of books. My favorite ones are: 'The Wide Wide World,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Thelma,' and 'The Lamplighter.'

SYLVIA K.

Minco, I. T.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I take the 'Messenger.' Some time ago I sent four new subscribers for the 'Messenger' and received a nice Bagster Bible as a premium. It is real nice. Many thanks for it. My papa bought a claim in the new country and we live on it. We have a new school house. Our school will commence on October 1st. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. My birthday is on the 19th of March.

MYRTLE DAVIDSON.

Topeka, Kan.

Dear Editor,—I will write my second letter to the 'Messenger,' as I wrote my first one about a year ago. We like the 'Messenger' very much, and have taken it two years January. When I wrote before I told you I had two sisters and one brother, but now I have two brothers and one sister. Mamma has seven children, and my stepfather has seven children. I am going to school when it begins. I will be in the 5A grade. I was twelve years old the 28th of August, and I had a birthday party of ten girls.

MARY N.

(Thank you for the pretty little text you enclosed. You painted it nicely.—Editor.)

Stone Quarry, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for some time and as I have never seen any letters from near Stone Quarry, I thought I would write now, as I have time. I got the 'Messenger' as a birthday present two years ago, and we like it very much. We live two miles from Lake Erie, and we often go there to bathe, near a private summer resort called Bertie Bay, and six miles south-west is a summer resort called Crystal Beach. It is a pretty place; every year we have our Sabbath School picnics there.

We live between four and six miles from four villages: Ridgeway, Stevensville, Fort Erie and Bridgeburg. Fort Erie and Buffalo are at the head of the Niagara River. Our school is a mile away. I have nothing particular to tell you about my ancestors. My great grandfather came from Ireland over

seventy years ago, when a young man. I would like to correspond with Olive S., who is from Dashwood, if she would please write first and send me her address. My address is:

F. OLIVE SEXSMITH,
Stone Quarry, Ont.

Burnstown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' yet. I thought I would like to write as I have only seen one letter from here. I have read a number of books, the names of which are: 'Bessie among the Mountains,' 'Happy Go Lucky,' 'Ethel's Strange Lodger,' and 'Elsie at Briamede.' I have three brothers and two sisters. I am in the fourth book and expect to try the entrance examination next year. I have taken five quarters of music lessons. I would like any girl about my age to correspond with me if she will write first.

AGNES McLEOD (Aged 14.)

West Hall, Man.

Dear Editor,—Now that it is fall the leaves on the trees are getting yellow and the flowers are wilting. My sister and I were down at Winnipeg Fair this summer. We had a very nice time. I think I liked the fireworks the best of all. We saw the biggest cow in the world. It was awfully big. The Chinese actors were very amusing. I was out visiting some friends five miles out of the city, and we went across the Red River to church. We saw a lot of other things which I don't mention. I have one doll and my sister has three. We have great times playing with them. We are going to have two play houses built pretty soon. Then we can visit each other. This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' although we have been taking it as long as I can remember.

MARY E. S.

Harrigan Cove, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I saw so many nice letters I thought I would like to write a letter, and I hope that it will be put in print. I have a little calf called Violet; she is all white, and I have two cats, their names are Nigger and Molly, and the dogs names are Gunner and Wattsie. I have seven brothers and two sisters, and a dear little niece, who is only four months' old, her name is Elsie. I go to school every day with my two brothers; we have two and a half miles to go to school; our teacher's name is Miss Mable Croop, and she is a very nice teacher. I am seven years old and my birthday is July 23. Has any other little girl her birthday on the same day? We have a small farm and four head of cattle. I have one brother out in British Columbia.

EDITH A. McD.

Aberdeen, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in Toronto, but I am spending some weeks at Aberdeen. I got the 'Messenger' at Sunday School and liked it very much, especially the correspondence, and I thought I would like to write a letter to you. I go to the Ladies' College, just across the street from our home; I study writing, reading, spelling, arithmetic and some other things. I also take music lessons at home. I have one little brother, five years' old, and he goes to the kindergarten. I have a little kitten called Muffie, which I am going to take to Toronto with me. I have a dog in Toronto, called Max.

JESSIE P.

Campbellton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Campbellton is a very nice place; just back of it is the Sugar Loaf Mountain, which is very nice. From the summit of it you can see the countries around Campbellton, while in front of the town is the beautiful Restigouche River, where fish of all kinds are caught in abundance, salmon being the main fish. Many tourists come to see Campbellton every summer. Campbellton is supposed to have the oldest church in New Brunswick, which is called the Athol House. Our school was built in 1897. It is a large brick building and has eight school rooms beside the big halls, cloak rooms, assembly hall and kindergarten room. Near Campbellton has been found shot, bullets and the two cannons that belonged to Wolfe and Montgomery when the battle of the Plains of Abraham was fought. The cannons were presented to the school, and they stand in front of it now. There are about three hundred and fifty in our school. I am nine years old and I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss C. Mair. I like her very much. I go to the Mission Band. Miss Mair is president there, too. We had two birthday parties at our Mission Band; at one we made $8.60, and at the other $5.83. The Band is called Northern Lights. I belong to the Junior Christian Endeavor, which meets every Friday evening.

ADELLA L. C.

(This is a nicely written letter.—Ed.)

Sheguiandah, Manitoulin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old and I live on a farm. We have one cow and one calf, and two horses and one little colt, and two pigs. I am in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Mr. Arthurs. I like him very well, but he is going away this summer, and another man, named Mr. Russell, is coming to teach. I went away on a visit a year ago, and enjoyed it very well. I hope that all the little boys and girls enjoy reading the 'Messenger'; it is a very nice little paper; when I get a large number of these papers I will sew them together and make a book of them. I will send them away to some poor little children to read. I go to school every day that it is not raining. I think I will go blueberrying this summer. I have a little dog, I call him Dot, after another little dog that I had. I have a little sister named Ida. My birthday comes on Feb. 29.

MABEL E. T.

Marble Mount, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger', and after seeing so many nice letters I thought I would write one. I am twelve years' of age, and I go to school every day. I am in the ninth grade. My studies are: geography, grammar, history, botany, composition, agriculture, chemistry, geometry, arithmetic, algebra. My teacher's name is Miss MacLachlan. I go to Sunday School. We have fifteen scholars beside the Bible class. I have three brothers and three sisters. We live quite near the Steel Companies quarries; this is a very nice place in summer, nice hills. My birthday was June 1. I have a pet dog, his name is Jack.

MARY B. MacK.

CORRESPONDENCE NOTES.

A mother writes: 'My little girl wrote to you three weeks ago, but I have not seen her letter in print yet. What is the reason? Do you have to pay for having letters printed?' No, certainly not. But as we get dozens of letters from our little friends every week, and, as there is only a limited space for letters, many letters have to wait a long time before their turn comes to appear in print. Sometimes, when a letter is badly written, or is not of much interest, it has to be thrown aside to make room for a more interesting one. We are always glad to hear from the children, but must ask them to be patient in waiting to see their letters printed.—Editor.

TRY AGAIN.

The following children have very kindly written to us, but their letters were not quite interesting enough to publish. We hope they will try again and write at greater length:—Amy A. Bothwell, Katie Sherk, Marion Rowland, Hattie Bell, E. J. S., Dora L.

CANADIAN PAPERS.

Mrs. J. C.—There are not a great many papers published in Canada of the sort you mention. A ladies' paper published in Canada, is 'The Ladies' Magazine,' Dyas Publishing Co., Toronto. A boy's paper is 'The Canadian Boy,' Shallow Lake, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD.

Chicken in Fifteen Ways.

(By Miss Kate L. Rorer, in N. Y. 'Observer.')

Chicken is a universally popular dish, in all the different ways in which it may be served, for it admits of many variations. There are a number of ways in which the whole fowl may be cooked, while cold chicken has almost endless possibilities. For a 'company dish,' chicken is always acceptable, and in the country the arrival of guests is almost invariably preceded by an ominous cackling in the poultry yard.

Furthermore, chicken has the merit of being a most digestible meat, well suited to the invalid's tray, and need not be an especially expensive dish, if the 'left-overs' are carefully utilized. As a warm weather meat it is to be highly recommended, being much less heating to the system than beef or veal, and more delicate than lamb. Much depends upon the cooking of meat, as the tenderest fowl or the choicest roast may be rendered unfit to eat, merely by improper cooking, so the following suggestions are offered, not only to show a few of the ways in which chicken may be served, but also how to prepare them in order that they may be both palatable and nutritious.

Broiled Chicken—Select a young, tender spring chicken and prepare by cutting off head and feet, and splitting down the back. Clean, wipe, and dust with a little pepper inside. In broiling place the inside of the chicken down, and broil over a slow fire about half an hour. Then turn, and broil the skin side. Baste well with melted butter just before serving.

Fried Chicken.—Clean and cut up a young spring chicken, and fry in oil which should be very hot. Cook slowly, not allowing it to burn, and when done, remove from the pan. To the fat that remains add a tablespoonful of flour, and then thin with milk or cream instead of water. Season, and pour over the chicken.

There is a second method of frying chicken, especially popular in the South. Cut up the chicken as before, and dip each piece first in egg, then in bread crumbs, frying as in the previous receipt.

Smothered Chicken—Smothering is another appetizing way of cooking a young chicken. Prepare as for broiling, and place in a pan, with the outside down, spreading well with butter, and adding half a cupful of water. Cover the baking pan with another, and bake for half an hour. Then turn the chicken, and allow it to brown without the cover. When browned, remove the fowl and make a gravy by adding to the fat in the pan a tablespoonful of flour, and when this is brown, half a pint of boiling water. Season and serve.

Roast Chicken.—For roasting, a chicken should be about a year old, as a tough fowl should never be cooked in this manner. Singe and clean the chicken, and make a filling as follows: Chop an onion and cook till tender, in little water, so that when the onion is soft the water will be evaporated. Add to this a tablespoonful of butter, and a teaspoonful of sweet marjoram. Mix with three cupfuls of stale breadcrumbs, and season with salt and pepper. Fill the chicken with this, having opened the breast at the back, not the front, and then sew up the small slit. Do not make the mistake of cutting a large gash in the breast of the fowl, as it is very unsightly. Stuff the breast so that it is well rounded out, and then the rest of the bird. Thrust the legs through a slit in the skin where the vent is made and tie. Roast an hour or more, according to the size of the chicken, basting frequently, and serve with giblet gravy. Make this latter as follows: Cook the giblets till tender, then chop all except the liver. Mash this with a tablespoonful of flour, and use it to thicken the liquor in which the giblets were cooked. Remove the chicken from the pan, and add to the gravy there the chopped giblets and the thickened liquor. Season and serve.

Boiled Chicken.—For this an older fowl may be used, rather fat. Clean, dust with flour, tie the fowl up in a clean cheese cloth, and place in a pot of boiling water. Let cook gently till tender (this will depend upon the size of the chicken) and serve with white sauce.

Stewed Chicken.—Cut the chicken into

eleven pieces as follows: Namely, the two second joints, the legs, wings, two pieces of breast lengthwise, the upper back, and the lower back, disjointing the latter and making two pieces. Place in a saucepan, and cover with boiling water. Cook slowly until tender, not ragged, and thicken just before serving, adding seasoning. This is improved by the addition of the well beaten yolk of an egg.

Brown Fricassee.—This, if properly made, is a delicious dish. Cut up the fowl as for stewing. Brown a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and then put in the pieces of chicken. When each piece is nicely browned, add about a pint of boiling water. Let cook gently until tender, then add a little onion juice to taste, and black pepper.

White Fricassee.—Cut up the chicken as for stewing and partly cover with boiling water, allowing the water to evaporate. When the chicken is done, remove from the saucepan, and lay upon a heated platter. Make a white sauce of one tablespoonful butter, and two of flour, with one pint of milk. Add yolk of an egg, and pour over the chicken. This may be served with rice.

Curry of Chicken.—Proceed as for stewed chicken, and when ready to thicken mix a little curry with the flour. The exact amount cannot be given, as tastes differ greatly as to the amount that is palatable.

Braised Chicken.—Prepare as for roasting, omitting the filling. Place in the bottom of a braising pan half a carrot cut into dice, a small onion sliced, with a sprig of parsley. Now place the chicken on top of these, and add half a pint of water or stock, salt and pepper. Cover and cook in a quick oven an hour and a half, basting frequently. When done, remove from the pan, make a gravy with the liquor from the braising pan, a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour. Season to taste, and serve with the chicken.

Chicken Soup.—For this a tough fowl may be used. Put on in cold water, and cook very slowly from four to five hours, having added a little salt to the water. When thoroughly cooked remove the chicken, and set aside the stock to cool. The following day a delicious soup may be made by the addition of half a cupful of rice and a little parsley, cooked gently until the rice is soft, or it may be the basis of 'noodle soup,' in which noodles are used in place of the rice.

Chicken Salad.—The meat of the chicken which was boiled for soup, may be used for a salad, as follows: Cut the chicken into dice, and for every pint of meat, allow a half pint of celery. Mix together, and add a cup and a half of mayonnaise dressing, for which the following is a tested receipt: Take yolks of three raw eggs and two hard-boiled ones. Rub smooth, with half a teaspoonful of mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Now add oil drop by drop, till very thick, then thin to the consistency of custard with lemon juice or vinegar, preferably the former. Pour this over the chicken just before serving.

Chicken Croquettes.—Perhaps one of the most appetizing ways of serving chicken is in the form of croquettes. To make them, chop cold-boiled chicken very fine, and to every pint allow one half-pint of milk or cream thickened with butter and flour. Mix thoroughly with the chopped meat, and add a little chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Mould in cones, dip in egg, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat or oil.

Chicken cutlets are made in the same way as croquettes, only moulded in cutlet form instead of cones.

Cleaning Gilt Frames.

(The 'Ledger Monthly.')

Gilt frames should never be touched with anything but a perfectly clean dust rag, as one that has been previously used to dust furniture with will do more harm than good. Fly specks have an irritating way of collecting on gilt frames: one wonders whether the brilliance attracts flies toward them. This may be obviated by going over them when new with a soft brush dipped in onion water obtained by boiling three or four good-sized onions in a pint of water, which keeps the flies away. One sometimes sees vinegar and water recommended for cleansing discolored gilt frames; but this is a mistake, for acid is injurious to the metal. A clean rag dipped in very weak ammonia water, and squeezed dry, may be applied sparingly, and if the gilt is of good quality it can be cleaned advantageously.

A cup of hot milk, a little thickened milk, or hot drink of any kind preferred, on waking in the morning, helps to give tone for the coming breakfast.

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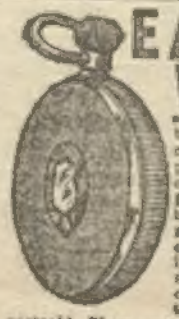

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for selling at 10c. each, only 1 doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and securing a few more agents for us. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every housekeeper buys one or more packages. You can earn this watch in a few minutes. It is a little beauty with silver nickel case, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders, postpaid. We trust you. **HOME SUPPLY CO. BOX N. L., TORONTO.**

GIRLS, LOOK!

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings and lace trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy Princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at 15c. each only 6 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c you can easily sell the 6 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **Canadian Premium Syndicate,** Dept. N.D. **Toronto.**

BARGAIN SALE

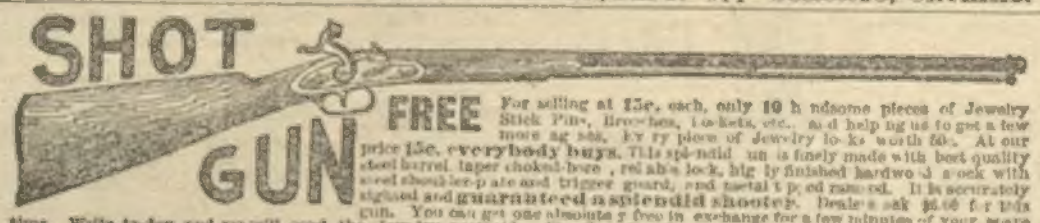
Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Rib bon I ever got." Price, per box, only 25c., or 3 boxes for 50c. postpaid. Millinery Sup ly Co., Box N. 84, Toronto.

FREE 40 Piece Tea Set.

elegantly decorated English China, unexcelled for quality or durability, newest shapes, latest designs, superior finish, superb in style, exquisitely choice in color. The set consists of 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl, every piece perfect in design and shape and full size for family use. A regular $5 00 set. given for selling at 10c. each only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla, and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to secure a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of liquid flavoring and is far better. Every housekeeper buys one or more packages. Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this elegant Tea Set in a few minutes. **Mrs. Magee,** 643 William St., London, Ont., says: "I received your Tea Set and was more than delighted with it. I never expected such a magnificent Premium for the small amount of work I did for you." Don't miss this chance, but write to-day. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 411 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

SHOT GUN FREE

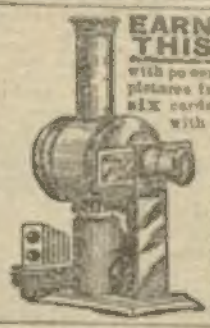


For selling at 15c. each, only 10 handsome pieces of Jewelry Stick Pins, Brooches, Lockets, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At our price 15c. **everybody buys.** This splendid gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choke bore, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel check-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $2.00 for this gun. You can get one almost any time free in exchange for a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 403, Toronto.

GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and lace trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at 15c. each only 6 beautiful 14k. Gold-Finished Stick Pins and helping us to get a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c. and at our price, only 15c., **go like wildfire.** Write to-day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. **THE PIN CO., DEPT. 475, TORONTO, Ont.**

EARN THIS MAGIC LANTERN

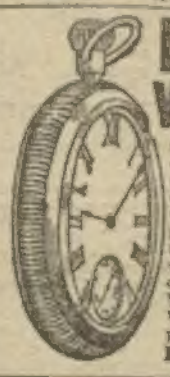


with powerful lenses showing dozens of comical pictures in colors, by selling at 15c. each only six cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons with Gold finished lever tops and celluloid backs and helping us to get other agents. Each card of Buttons is worth 40c. At 15c. a card they are a wonderful bargain. They sell so easily that you will earn this splendid Magic Lantern in a few minutes. **You can then make lots of money giving exhibitions.** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. **THE GOLDALOID CO., DEPT. 406, TORONTO.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Easy running, swift and powerful, with iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly-wheel and Russian iron burner compartment given for selling at 15c. each only six **Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold-finished lever tops set with brilliant, flashing electric diamonds and helping us to get other agents. Nothing sells like our Diamond Collar Buttons. Write to-day and we will send them postpaid. **GEM NOVELTY CO.,** Dept. 421, **Toronto**

Earn This WATCH

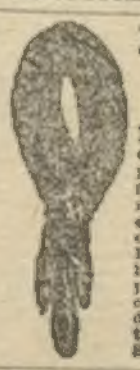


by selling at 10c. each only 20 **Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back elaborately engraved, with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last 10 years.** Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 400, Toronto, Ont.**

14K GOLD WALTHAM

Watch worth $25.00. Lady's double Hunting Case or Gent's open face. Magnificent **14k.** Solid Gold-filled case, guaranteed for **20 years,** handsomely and artistically engraved and fitted with a celebrated Greenwich, Waltham or Elgin movement, stem wind and set, 7 jewelled, highly finished, patent hair-spring hardened and tempered in forns, and oval regulator polished and gilded. A magnificent time-piece that will last a lifetime, given for selling at 15c. each only 20 handsome pieces of Jewelry: Lockets, Cuff Links, Stick Pins, Brooches, etc., and helping us to secure other agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 15c. At 15c. you can easily sell the 20 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry post paid. Don't miss this grand chance to get a $25.00 Gold Watch without spending one cent. **The Canadian Premium Syndicate,** Dept. 439, Toronto.

FUR RUFF FREE



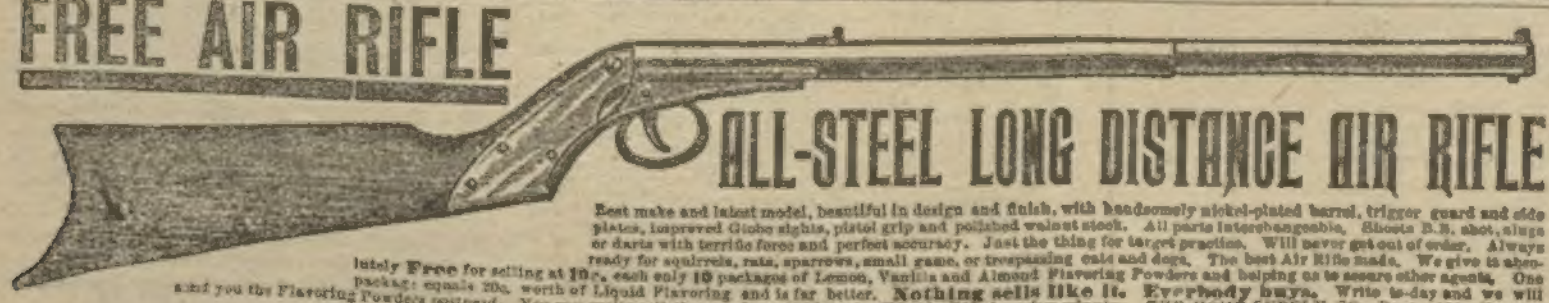
Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish

Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at 15c. each only 8 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Stick Pins, Lockets, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can sell the 8 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept.** N. R. F. **Toronto**

EARN THIS COUCH

Handsome Velours Tufted Couch Given for selling at 10c. each only 2½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman will buy one or more packages. This elegant and stylish Couch has frame of best selected hardwood, mahogany finish, finest tempered steel springs, full deep spring edge, head and seat, stuffed with best excelsior, upholstered in high quality, four-toned figured velours in all the latest colors, as desired, dark and myrtle green, peacock blue, maroon, old rose, crimson, etc. **Deep Tufting, full roll head,** ornamental rosettes, a magnificent piece of furniture that will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. We trust you. **HOME SUPPLY CO. BOX N. C., Toronto.**

FREE AIR RIFLE



ALL-STEEL LONG DISTANCE AIR RIFLE

Best make and latest model, beautiful in design and finish, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates, improved Globe sights, pistol grip and polished walnut stock. All parts interchangeable, Shoots B.B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Just the thing for target practice. Will never get out of order. Always ready for squirrels, rats, sparrows, small game, or trespassing cats and dogs. The best Air Rifle made. We give it absolutely **Free** for selling at **10c.** each only **10** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to secure other agents. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Nothing sells like it. Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this splendid Air Rifle in a few minutes. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 430, Toronto

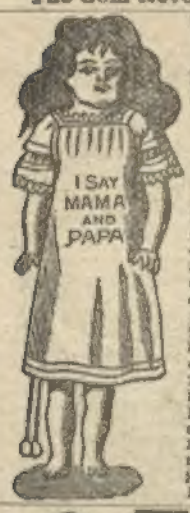
FREE GOLD WATCH
LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful Watch. Looks **worth $ 60.00.** We give it for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz.** fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation **Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds,** etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. **Our Hat Pins** look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** You can **earn this elegant watch in a few minutes.** Write to-day and we will send Hat Pins, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. BOX N.H., TORONTO**

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE

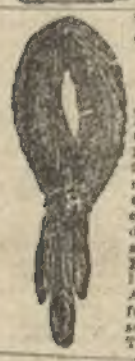
Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with brass nozzle, given for selling at **15c.** each only 6 Diamond Collar Buttons with richly engraved Gold-finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **The Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 420, Toronto**

TALKING DOLL FREE FREE FREE



Wonderful speaking doll, Laughs, cries and talks, says "Mamma" and "Papa" as plainly as any living child. She is a beauty, too, prettier than any baby you ever saw. Has rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, real pearly teeth and long golden ringlets. Get her and you will have the only real talking doll in your part of the country. Not one cent to pay. All we ask you to do is to sell at **10c.** each only 9 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and help us to secure other agents. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Nothing sells like it. Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this **wonderful Speaking Doll** in a few minutes. HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 431 Toronto

FUR RUFF FREE



Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at 10c. each only one doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. THOS. BARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **We trust you.** The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. **408** Toronto

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 10c each only 10 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **You can** sell them and **earn the watch in a few minutes. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 400 TORONTO, Ontario.**

PING PONG or TABLE TENNIS FREE

The most popular and fascinating game that has appeared in many years. All the rage in large cities. Young and old enjoy it equally. Complete Outfit, consisting of dividing net with posts and clamps, two regulation bats, two genuine celluloid balls and full instructions given free for selling at **15c.** each only 6 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. You can easily sell it and earn this interesting and delightful game in a few minutes. **Canadian Premium Syndicate,** Dept. 423, **Toronto.**

FREE GOLD CASED WATCH

given for selling at **10c.** each only 15 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders and helping us to secure other agents. Each package makes 5 6c. bottles (30c. worth) of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write for Ink Powders to-day. **Western Ink Co., Dept. 436, Toronto.**

SHOT GUN FREE

For selling at **15c.** each only **10** cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons with Gold finished Lever tops and Celluloid backs, and helping us to get a few more agents. Each card of Buttons is worth 60c. **At 15c a Card they are a wonderful bargain.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper chokebored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. The Goldaloid Co., Dept. 403, Toronto.

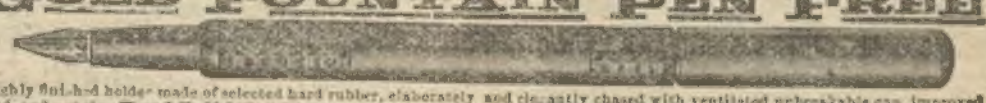
FREE TWO SUPERB RINGS

Both beautifully gold-finished, one set with 3 large handsome Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow, and the other set with 3 fiery, flashing, rich, red Rubies in fancy claw settings. **We give both these handsome Rings** for selling at **10c.** each only **9** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to secure a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume. Its fragrance lasts for years.** You can easily earn both these Rings in a few minutes. Thos. Barry, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume, postpaid. The Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 409, Toronto.

97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pats, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for selling only 2 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, and helping us to secure a few more Agents. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. You can sell the whole 2 doz. packages in a few minutes. Every house-keeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the **97 Pieces are full size** for family use. All you have to sell is 2 doz. 10c. packages of our wonderful Flavoring Powders. **We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this Chance. The Home Supply Co., Box N. T. Toronto.**

GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

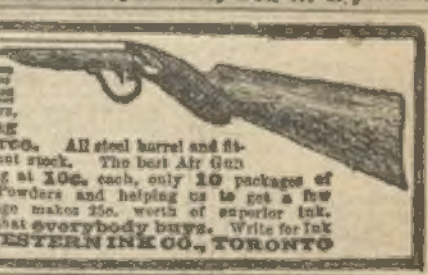


Highly finished holder made of selected hard rubber, elaborately and elegantly chased with ventilated unbreakable cap, improved feed, and genuine **Real Solid Gold Nib.** A handsome Pen good for years of constant use. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at **15c.** each only 8 **Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved Gold finished lever tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds and helping us to get a few more agents. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this elegant Gold Fountain Pen in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 407, Toronto

LADY'S or GENT'S FREE $40.00 BICYCLE

Brand new, Lady's or Gent's, 1902 model. Not one cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearings throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling only 2 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only **15c.** each, and helping us to get a few more agents. Please **remember,** you have to sell only $3.60 worth of Jewelry. **The Bicycle will cost you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. FRANK CLEMENS, TARA, ONT." Write to-day, and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Box N. B., Toronto.**

FREE RIFLE



Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only **10** packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE WESTERN INK CO., TORONTO**

FREE-40-Piece China Tea Set.

12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set.** Full size for family use. Given for selling at 15c. each only **10** handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Lockets, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At **15c.** each you can easily sell the 10 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 411, Toronto, Ontario.**

We give this splendid **Four-bladed Knife** beautifully made from the finest tempered Sheffield steel, for selling at **10c.** each only 8 packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and **useful** that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. Western Ink Co. Dept. 435, Toronto

FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00. We give it** for selling at **10c.** each, only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. **Everybody buys our perfume.** Write to-day and we will send it postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 410, Toronto**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, bronzed case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at **10c** each only **10 wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell everywhere.** You can easily earn this accordeon in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO, ONT.**

Silk 2c.

Remnants from Tie Factories. All new choice material, bright new patterns, endless varieties of colors. All pieces of good size for fancy work. To prove that we are offering a great bargain we will mail samples free to any one who will send a 2-cent stamp to pay the postage. When you see the Silk we know you will be sure to send us a good sized order. Home Supply Co., Dept. N S Toronto, Ont

WALKING DOLL FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only **10** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume, and helping us to get a few more agents. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. THOS. BARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says: "I sold all the Perfume in 15 minutes." This **wonderful Walking Doll** is beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 412, Toronto

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